HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

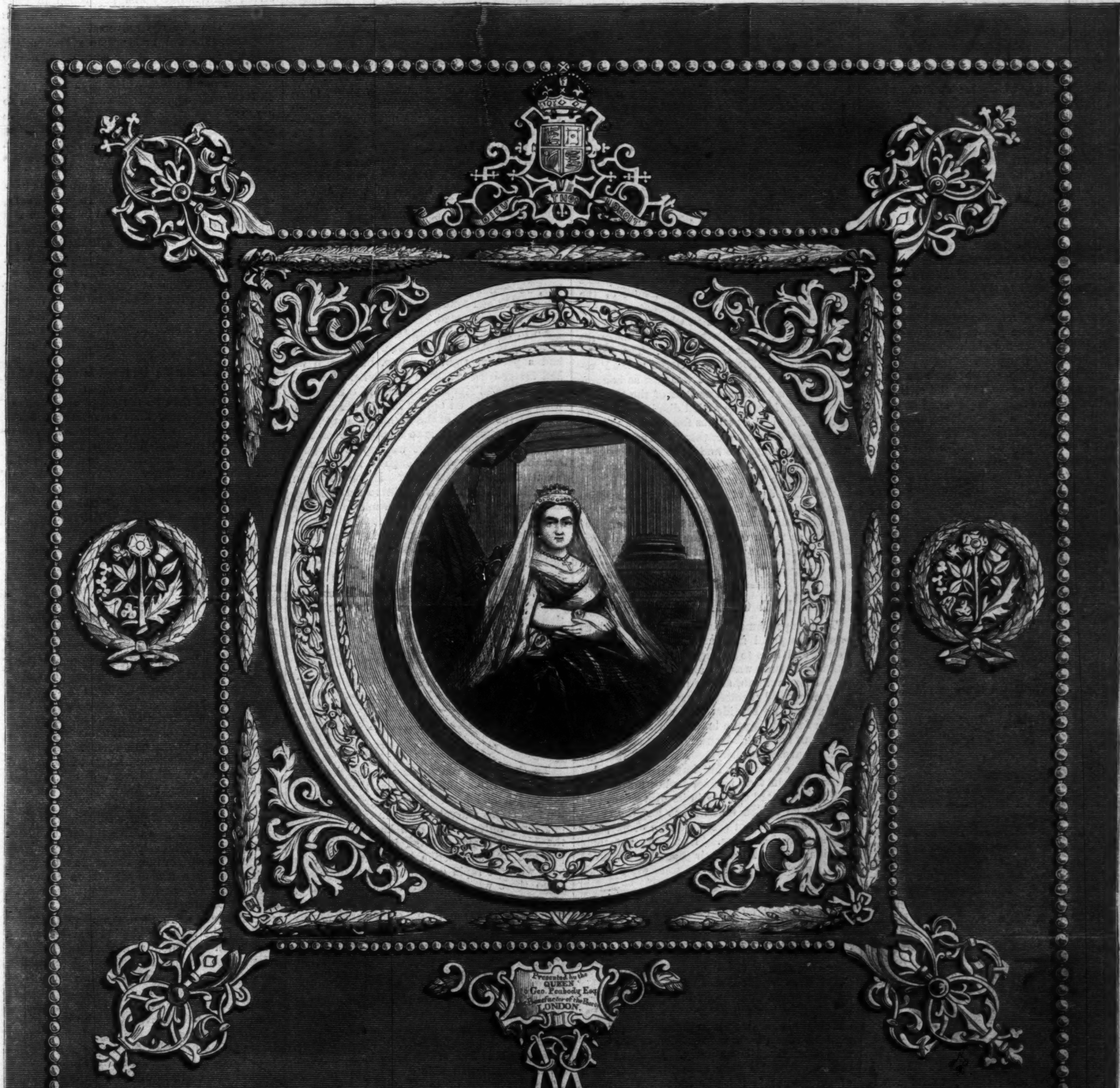
VOL. XI.—NO. 547.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PORTRAIT.

WHEN Mr. GEORGE PEABODY declined to accept the honor of knighthood at the hands of Queen VICTORIA of England as a reward for his generous gift to the poor of London, the illustrious lady determined to offer him such a token of regard as he could not so gracefully decline. The gift which she finally decided upon was a portrait of herself, and this was given and accepted more as a token of friendship than in recognition of the American merchant's liberality.

This Portrait, of which we give an engraving, is now in this country, and on exhibition at Philadelphia. It is a painting on enamel, of a size exceeding that of any enamel painting ever attempted, being 14 by 10 inches, set in a gorgeous frame of gold and blue, very beautifully wrought. It represents Queen VICTORIA seated, in a black robe, wearing also the blue ribbon of the Garter, a MARIE STUART widow's cap, with long white veil, a tiara of diamonds, and a splendid necklace of brilliants, in which is set the portrait of the late Prince Consort. The picture is a most remarkable work, having taken much care and toil for a twelvemonth to bring it to a complete success. Indeed, it is surprising that the enamel should have borne all the trials of white furnace heat to which it was frequently subjected, and that the original purity of the colors should have been so well and perfectly maintained. The picture rests on a cushion of maroon velvet, in a frame decorated with golden devices combining the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Below it is the Royal monogram, V. R., and the inscription, shown in our engraving.



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, PRESENTED BY HER TO MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 22, 1867.

"DESPOTIC UKASES."

If a man read the Democratic papers only he would suppose that the people of this country were inventing new forms of despotic oppression for the Southern States. The orders of the commanding Generals are "despotic ukases;" and it is declared to be foolish for a Constitutional Convention to meet in this State when in ten States every vestige of Constitutional freedom, and even the dearest rights of men, are ruthlessly trampled under foot. Why the American Government has thus suddenly become the cruelest of tyrants, what purpose it proposes to effect by this wholesale crushing and pulverizing, the papers omit to mention. They are content to attribute it to the Robespierres, Dantons, and Marats who control the Radical party, gloat over human suffering, and are never happy but when dancing upon the ruins of States and amidst the ashes of liberty. And these authorities generously inform us that these orgies of wickedness and wrong can be brought to an end in one way only, and that is by the return to power of the pure and peaceable Democratic party. "The inconsolable widow," says the fond epitaph upon the husband's grave-stone, "continues the business at the old stand."

An unsophisticated student of our history might ask in some surprise why these alarms and solicitations about liberty and rights were never uttered by the Democratic papers when nearly four millions of the population were deprived of every right whatever; and why, when those who were guilty of this deprivation rose to destroy the Government, the same Democratic papers could see danger to liberty and rights only in the defensive action of the Government. That would be enough to show the utter insincerity of the complaint of the present situation. But its unreasonability is not less apparent. For what is the situation? Simply that certain States have lost their civil governments in the effort to destroy the authority of the United States, and the United States have directed them how to reorganize their governments. Pending that reorganization they are necessarily subjected to the national authority, which, from the necessity of the case, is vested in military commanders, who recognize the existing civil authorities just so far only as their official conduct does not clash with the measures prescribed by Congress.

When, in accordance with those measures and by the consent of Congress, the civil reorganization of those States is perfected and they are again represented in Congress, then, and not till then, they will resume all their relations in the Union as equal States with the others. They are now States recovered to the Union and held in it by force until such political changes as the war has wrought are organized and developed. It is merely puerile to speak of them as we should speak of New York or Wisconsin. The supreme authority in them is military and not civil. It should be exercised indeed with sagacity and prudence, and in such a way as not to alienate the people from their normal habits of civil government. But it is perfectly legitimate, although it may be very unwise for the military authority to suspend a newspaper, to forbid a meeting, or to remove the highest civil officer in the State. To insist that, if this be done in Mississippi or Louisiana, it may as properly be done in Iowa or Maine, is wholly to forget the war and the necessities it has imposed.

The real grief of the Democratic papers is not that liberty and rights are denied, but that the late rebels are not allowed at their pleasure to deny the liberty and rights of loyal men. They see that the intention of Congress and of the commanders under the Military bill is that a fair register of all citizens shall be made, and, with the exception of those disfranchised, that all citizens shall vote. But as only the chief of the late rebels are disfranchised and all loyal men of every color are enfranchised, the Democratic papers and orators fear a party defeat. It is natural. For if every man who rebelled or sympathized with rebellion were to lose his vote, what would become of the Democratic party?

It is very clear that the Military Governor must control the civil authorities or they must control him; and we presume there is very little doubt of the intention of the Military bill upon this point.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The public movements of the President of the United States must always excite attention and remark. Those of the present President have especially done this because of the peculiar character of his speeches in reply to the greetings he receives. His journey of last year to Chicago to the grave of Stephen A. Douglas was the most nationally humiliating and politically disastrous pilgrimage ever made by a public man. This year he has been to North Carolina upon the pious errand of seeing a monument erected to his father. Could he have abstained altogether from speech-making it would have been better for him and more agreeable to the country. To say nothing gracefully is an unusual accomplishment. Many great orators have not that gift. The President is perhaps remarkable for the want of it, and he should therefore confine himself to thanking his fellow-citizens except when he really wishes to say something. Had he followed this rule he would not have delivered the little speech at Raleigh, which was not, indeed, offensive, but made the speaker rather ridiculous.

When that was ended Mr. Seward made a speech, saying: "Like my great chief who preceded me it is not my purpose to make a speech." Does Mr. Seward think the President a "great" chief? Does he forget that the words he speaks upon such occasions as this are carefully reported and read every where—read by those who once thought *him* their great chief, as well as by those who always opposed and now sneer at him? That the Secretary of State should be perfectly respectful of the President is but becoming. But shall he not also be respectful of the country? Shall words lose their meaning because spoken of the Chief Magistrate?

Then in due order came Dr. Swain, who delivered an oration at the monument. At its conclusion he spoke of the President and of his early companion, "Lieutenant-General" Leonidas Polk, who took arms against the cause which the President favored, and who, if less fortunate, was not less "pure and patriotic!" This does not seem to us a speech which should have been delivered in the presence of the President of the United States. He is the commander of a victorious army in which there is but one Lieutenant-General; and it was an insult to that General, to the Commander-in-Chief, and to the country, to describe a man who died in arms against that country as "Lieutenant-General." So, also, it is an insulting as well as false and foolish use of words to speak of a man's devotion to his State as patriotic. The pride of a man in his county or city or ward is just as much patriotism as the preference of a State to the country.

We do not quarrel with the natural respect felt by the late rebels for their trusted leaders, nor with the expression of it at appropriate times and places. But the presence of the President of the United States is not a place to celebrate the praises of men who were conspicuous only for their fierce and sanguinary attempt to destroy the Government. The speech of Dr. Swain deliberately declared to the President that the rebel cause was just as honorable, pure, and patriotic as that of the Government, while it has the added dignity of misfortune. This is the perilous falsehood which we have more than once exposed. The rebellion was not an honorable and unfortunate cause—it was a crime; and this shall not be forgotten if we can help the country to remember it. It is the plain duty of the President to require that no speech of ceremony shall be made to him which assumes that it was otherwise. Let us have as much conciliation and silence upon this subject as may be; but let us have nothing *said* which is not true.

THE END OF IMPEACHMENT.

The impeachment project has resulted as every thoughtful man must have supposed it would, and it is to be regretted that the resolution of censure was not also omitted. As the people last autumn, at the polls, so unequivocally expressed themselves upon the policy and conduct of the President, we can see no good reason for fighting the battle over again. The President has yielded, and has kept silence until the journey to Raleigh. He vetoed the Military bill, of course; but having satisfied his convictions in that manner he has not evaded but has executed the law in its own spirit. It can not be denied that he has lost the confidence and respect of the American people, and is therefore powerless. But now that their opinion is formed and their judgment rendered it is superfluous to repeat it solemnly in Congress.

That Mr. Johnson is a man of a very obtuse mind, and that he has been floundering in a desperate muddle from the beginning of the reconstruction movement, is very evident. That he must bear the heavy responsibility of the slaughter at New Orleans, which by a word he could have avoided, seemed to us, until this decision of the Committee, indisputable. It is not that he has not deserved censure, but because he has received it in the most impressive manner, that the intended action of the Judiciary Committee is untimely. Charles Second wreaked his vengeance upon the bones of Cromwell. But the President is much more harmless to the country than Cromwell could have been to Charles. Congress has wholly conquered in the political struggle with the Executive, and it is ungenerous to spurn the conquered.

The history of this impeachment project should show every representative the necessity of the utmost care in beginning so grave a movement. It must now be considered settled that Mr. Ashley charged what he hoped to be able to find the evidence to prove rather than what he knew. He has weakened instead of strengthened his cause. If after so prolonged and searching investigation by a committee not unwilling to impeach, and after a renewed scrutiny of the evidence, it is decided that no further action should be taken, it is also decided that the President was accused upon wholly insufficient grounds. And this decision is of very great importance; for it implies that the President's official conduct at the time of the New Orleans riot was less reprehensible than the country supposed.

From his letter to the Washington meeting General Butler seems to think that the impeachment should have been kept as a rod in pickle to encourage the President in well-doing. The General looks for the removal of Sheridan as a logical sequence of the failure to impeach. He need have no fear. If the President undertakes seriously to withstand the will of the people, lawfully expressed, he will be brought to account without delay.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

If a man sees two men fighting and asks if he can not help them to a reconciliation, and is politely told that he can not, he would be a very foolish fellow if he lost his temper and vowed to take a hand in the fight upon his own account. Yet many persons seem to think we ought to feel very much offended when our interference in the quarrels of other governments is courteously declined. The Secretary of State has been bowing around the circle of fighting American republics, and offering his little balm of Gilead. They all courteously prefer to do what we have just done—fight to a conclusion. Paraguay, for instance, the most absolute despotism upon the Western continent, which is a mere farm of Lopez the Dictator, whose will is law, replies, in the most approved rhetoric, that "the Republic is determined to save itself, with its institutions, its government, and its mode of being, or to perish gloriously at the foot of the flag that has loudly proclaimed the liberty of its people, and sustained with ardent enthusiasm its motto of peace and justice." The Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chili, Peru, all answer in the same lofty strain. Nevertheless, we certainly need not be ashamed of making a noble and humane offer, nor be chagrined that it is not accepted.

So in Mexico: we requested Juarez to be generous to Maximilian if he were taken. We had a peculiar right to do so, because, if we had favored the Austrian Archduke, he would have been still Emperor of Mexico. But upon what ground did we oppose him? Because he was not the choice of the Mexican people, and because our principle is to respect the government of that choice. Do we respect the government of that choice enough to let it decide for itself in a capital case? If the Mexican Republic thinks that it ought to shoot Maximilian, we may regret it as a matter of state policy, but is that Republic not to be independent because we are its friend? Is the price of our friendship absolute subservience to our dictation? If the Government of the United States should descend to hector and bully smaller and weaker powers it would lose the respect of its own best citizens. If ever a nation had a right to deal with a foreign usurper, certainly Mexico has the right to judge Maximilian. We hope his treatment may be generous, but we can not be surprised if it be severe. Our duty is done in earnestly requesting that, for the sake of humanity and of popular government, the Republic be merciful.

OUR RAILROADS.

To those who contemplate to-day the comprehensive net-work of railways that traverse the length and breadth of our great country, the fact seems marvelous that in the year 1828 but three miles of iron rail had been laid in the United States. From its beginning, the progress of construction has more than kept pace with the rapid growth of the nation. In 1860 there were completed and in operation 27,909 miles of railroad, built at a cost of $1,068,841,638; and it is a coincidence worthy of remark that this aggregate of length was distributed almost equally among the North, West, and South—that is to say, the North had 9665 miles of railroad, the West 9191 miles, and the South 9053. At the commencement of the present year, 36,896 miles of road had been finished, and their total valuation, including real estate and construction account, will reach fully $1,400,000,000, at old prices—no inconsiderable sum of money to be invested in a single description of internal improvement in the short space of thirty-eight years. The progress of construction since 1860 has been in about the same ratio as for the six preceding years, notwithstanding the interference of war.

But, comprehensive as our system is, and rapid as its development has been, it is nevertheless far from perfection. A railroad system which has been in existence less than forty years, must be admitted to be still in its infancy. A vast deal remains to be done by way of practical experiment before it can meet the real necessities of trade, before it can suffice to develop the local resources of the various sections to any thing like their full extent, and, indeed, before that system can be made, as a whole, self-sustaining. Besides, the requirements of trade are not the same to-day that they were years ago. They change constantly and enlarge with every new ramification of settlement, as population spreads over unoccupied territory, and as sparsely-settled districts become densely peopled.

The reason why most American railroads have hitherto been barely able to pay expenses, and the revenues of many have been largely deficient, is shown in the fact that they have been built in advance of the requirements of the country and in anticipation of the future. Moreover, their annual earnings have been necessarily spent in improvements. Lines of railroad reaching far out into sparsely-settled districts, or connecting distant commercial centres, with a large extent of thinly-occupied country intervening, can not be self-sustaining at the outset; but they invite population to locate along their routes, develop the latent resources of the contiguous country, and stimulate production. They give birth and nourishment to industry and population. When, in the course of time, business has measurably increased and the district has become densely inhabited, then the railroads become remunerative; then industry and population in their turn become the nurture and sustenance of the roads. Thus, by the universal compensating principle, they aid and promote each other. Hence we observe that the earnings of nearly all our railroads are now annually increasing, and that many roads which have long struggled through a precarious existence begin to pay good dividends. Consequently their shares are rapidly appreciating. They are assuming firmer place in the public confidence. It is a good omen of future success when we see one of our largest capitalists transferring his money from the steamboat business, where it has been long employed, and investing it in railroads, buying up the greater portion of Harlem and Hudson River at a swoop. The cheapness of coal and the protection given to the iron interest swell the railroad revenues largely. With the revivification of the South, the largely increased production of cotton, and bountiful grain harvests, the railroads are likely to have their means of transportation soon taxed beyond their abilities. Indeed, some are already in this dilemma, and a new system must be devised to remedy the difficulty.

When the Pacific Railroad is completed to San Francisco a new era will be inaugurated. The road will then be the grand artery of the country. All other lines of railway will become, to a certain extent, its feeders. Along its entire route over the great Plains lateral branches will be constructed to tap it, which will pour into it their way-side contributions to an extent that can not to-day be approximately estimated. The "through" freight business will be comparatively light. The road will not supersede the California ships in carrying bulky freight to New York, but the "way" traffic will undoubtedly be something marvelous. Already, with less than one-third of its length complete, it is earning four times its operating expenses, as officially stated. Such success is without precedent. When it reaches the already populous gold regions of Montana, Idaho, and Nevada, the freight to and from those points alone is likely to be something almost fabulous. And population follows the road as it extends. A town or village marks each stage of its progress. Who can calculate the quantity of way freight that the road is destined to carry for these mushroom communities, in view of the published statement that a fleet of forty steamboats from Montana is now coming down the Missouri River with 120,000 tons of freight on board? Who, indeed, can estimate the passenger traffic alone? When hundreds of thousands of persons, with their faces toward the West, have tramped over the Plains at the risk of their scalps, how many peradventure will ride when they can make the journey with safety in a few days? Then comes the natural inquiry whether a single track, with its infrequent sidings and turnouts, will be able to accommodate more than the mere passenger traffic of the road, or whether travelers to the Pacific will be content to abide a time-schedule adapted to slow-moving freight-trains as well as passenger express cars. Certainly but a short time will elapse before the demands of trade will call for a second track to be used exclusively as a freight road, over which an endless line of slowly-moving vans shall continuously pass, leaving the other track for the use of impatient passengers only. And in due course the entire railway business of the country will be remodeled under this system, adding largely to the receipts of the several lines, and materially reducing their running expenses. At all events the present system can not long continue with profit and advantage to the companies or the public; for not only will additional facilities for transportation be required by the roads already built, but new lines will be called for (as they already are, not only at the North, but in various parts of the rapidly-developing South). These thoughts are engaging the serious attention of prominent railroad men who see the difficulties that threaten, while at the same time they discern for the railroad interest of the United States a more prosperous future than it has ever yet enjoyed.

THE MURDER AT ALBANY.

PUBLIC opinion is generally held to justify a man who shoots the paramour of his wife. But certainly if it is an offense deserving death by an outrage of the law, it deserves the same penalty in due course of law. Are then those who are so very positive that "honor, Sir, honor!" requires a husband to put such an adulterer to death ready to make adultery a capital crime? And if so, shall both the offenders be punished? If not, how will you measure the mutual guilt? If **HISCOCK** had injured **COLE'S** honor, **COLE'S** wife had injured it still more. If it is to be assumed that public opinion justifies the shooting of the one it must have equally approved the murder of the other; or if the man ought to be legally punished for adultery the woman ought not to escape.

The truth is, that it is an utterly false sense of honor which drives a man to murder even the known paramour of his wife. If there has been an offense it is by mutual consent. That knowledge can not sully the honor of a true soul. It may break a faithful heart, but it will not inspire in a really generous man the desire of revenge. And how upon the other side? If a husband may take such summary vengeance upon his wife's paramour, so may she upon his; and if the punishment of adultery is to be left to the suspicion, the rage, the jealousy of individuals, to what condition will society come? Any man or woman may be denounced as an offender by some husband or some wife and assassination be justified.

Whoever deliberately takes the law into his own hands, and upon suspicion, or what he supposes to be knowledge of a grave offense, assassinates another, ought not to hope to escape punishment. If, overpowered by passion and no longer his own master, he commits the crime, that fact will be fairly considered as in all other cases. But it is high time that this ready shooting of those whom the murderers declare to have injured their "honor" should stop; and to that end the crime of adultery should be punished as severely as public opinion and the certainty of the penalty will justify. There is no crime more fatal to human happiness. It is denounced in the commandments from Sinai. Its consequences near and remote are appalling. But if it be an offense which ought not to be punished by law, it certainly should not be suffered to be corrected by a fearful outrage of the law. If you will remit it to moral condemnation, very well. But if it may be properly punished with death it should be by the hangman, not by the husband or the wife.

LITERARY.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM, who has resumed his old business of publishing in company with his son, has issued several charming volumes in the most tasteful and convenient form, and under the general title of "Railway Classics" publishes every month a neat and capital little work. Three of them are selections from *Putnam's Monthly*, a magazine still kindly remembered by many readers, and comprise "'Maga' Stories," "'Maga' Social Papers," and "'Maga' Excursion Papers." Another of the same series is "Tuckerman's Papers about Paris," a convenient handbook of entertaining and thoughtful remark upon the suggestions of life and art in the great capital. It is a most timely and delightful friend for every visitor to the Great Exhibition, and vividly refreshes the pleasantest memories for those Americans who, although neither good nor dead, have yet been to Paris.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Going into the country is becoming the interesting topic of conversation in social circles. However advantageous this rural summering might be if properly managed, it is certain that, as practiced by the masses, it is an absurd farce. Paying enormous bills at a crowded hotel or a miserable boarding-house, where you do not obtain half the ordinary comforts of home, is regarded as "country life," because the said hotel or boarding-house happens to be outside city limits. Half the people who go into *such* country life actually pine for the luxuries of their city homes—the airy rooms, the convenient gas, the iced water, the abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables, etc. Many have the idea that if they are only in the *country* they will never feel too hot; and that they can revel in every green thing that is good for eating, and in every kind of berry and fruit; and all so pure and fresh. The truth is, that, as a general thing, those who stay in the city have abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables, and those who go into the country don't! The farmers of every country town within a radius of twenty miles from a railroad station pack up their green pease and new potatoes, their fresh butter and eggs, their strawberries, blueberries, and blackberries, their pears, plums, and peaches, and send them to the city; and people who live within a stone's-throw long in vain for these things: they are all sent off in a lump, because it is so much less trouble to dispose of them wholesale.

The best way to manage is to go into some section of the country where the engine's whistle never breaks the stillness of the air; where the honest farmer asks only a fair price for your board, and his good wife with liberal hand supplies the table, with simple dishes to be sure, but with such bread, butter, cream, and berries that you desire nothing else; where the fresh air, the trout brook, the mountain peak, or the shady wood tempt you to spend almost every hour out of doors; where freedom from business will allow you to go to bed early and to sleep long and restfully. The grand object of going into the country should be to recuperate the whole system—brain and body. This is partially accomplished by change of scene, but mainly by light, agreeable occupations in the open air and plenty of sleep, two things which city people have a short allowance of, but which they greatly need. Dwellers in New York, and in large cities generally, live too fast. A summer spent in breathing fresh air, and in making up lost sleep, will be a good investment for many of our hurried, busy, bustling people.

The laying of a new pavement in Broadway from Bowling Green to Fourteenth Street is in progress. It is to be what is generally known as "Belgian." The material of the new pavement is New England granite, obtained principally from the region around Cape Ann, although some is also brought from Maine and Rhode Island. The blocks are about four inches wide, one foot long, and six or seven inches deep. They will be laid with wide interstices between them, thus affording a much better foothold for the horses. This work will cost $500,000, and is to be completed in five months. Meanwhile travel will be seriously interrupted.

The musical festival at Steinway Hall was the principal topic of conversation among lovers of music last week. Seven evening concerts and two matinées in one week gives a chance to the most fastidious of being suited. And a great multitude were willing to run the risk of being pleased by most of the performances if the crowded Hall was any criterion.

Mr. Edwin Booth is said to have been offered $10,000 for an engagement of two weeks at St. Louis. Pretty good wages that! Five thousand dollars a week, over eight hundred an evening; and supposing each performance to be three hours long, more than two hundred and seventy-five dollars an hour!

It is stated that the nominal price of board at the Saratoga hotels is $4 50 per day. This statement will enable one to make some estimate of the cost of a visit to a fashionable watering-place this summer.

A good deal is said about the new Belvidere in the Central Park, and yet many have very little idea what it is to be. There is a rocky elevation near the Old Reservoir which overlooks the whole Park and a large portion of the city. This has been graded and planted with grass and shrubs, and here there is to be erected an open summer-house—the Belvidere—where one may enjoy a comfortable seat and a charming landscape at the same time. The building, which is to be of stone, and will cover considerable space, will soon be commenced.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Booth, of the 1st U. S. Infantry, and late of the Fourth Army Corps, who has recently been on duty at Governor's Island, sailed on the 8th inst., in the steamer *Rapidan*, for New Orleans, to join his regiment there under General Sheridan.

Every little while we hear a curious story of some foolish person who hid his greenbacks in an old stove, and then sold the stove, forgetting the money—or who tucked the bills into the rag-bag for security, and accidentally sold the rags (and bills) for six cents a pound—or who concealed a fortune under a carpet, and forgot where it was. The following story is another of the "same sort:"

"A gentleman of Lansing, Michigan, a few days since, put $350 in greenbacks in a pint-bottle, which he placed upon the top shelf of the pantry. The bottle was subsequently taken one night to a drug-store and filled with alcohol, and the position of things was not discovered till the next day, when the bottle was emptied quickly. The bills were nearly destroyed, but will probably be made good at the Treasury Department."

It is extremely disagreeable to the lovers of Champagne to be told that not less than 5,000,000 bottles of that refreshing beverage are yearly consumed, which have nothing genuine about them except their labels and corks! Nevertheless, some authority says so. Between April 1, 1866, and April 1, 1867, there were sold in France 3,218,343 bottles of sparkling Champagne, and 10,283,886 bottles were exported.

From a Philadelphia journal we clip the following, which, if based on sufficient trial, will be a great help to housekeepers in selecting flour:

"Place a thimbleful of flour in the palm of the hand, and rub it gently with the finger of the other hand. If the flour smooths down under the finger, feeling silky and slippery, it is of inferior quality, though of fancy brand, high priced, and white as the virgin snow-drift. It has been either too low ground or made from damaged wheat, or perhaps, having an unusual per centum of gluten, murdered with dull burs, and will never make good, light, wholesome bread. But if the flour rubs rough in the palm, feeling like fine sand, and has an orange tint, purchase confidently. It will not disappoint you. Such flour, whatever may be its branded reputation, though its price be at the lowest figure, will make good, light, nutritious bread."

A very wrong estimate is usually made by those who, for the first time, travel in Europe, in regard to the amount of baggage needful. Not only are trunks a great inconvenience, but a great expense. In France each passenger is allowed fifty-six pounds, but on most of the roads every ten pounds excess is taxed thirty-five cents. It costs about one-half a fare to take a common-sized trunk through Italy, in addition to numerous secondary expenses; for every man who touches your trunk, or has any thing to do with it, charges a fee. Those who make a rapid tour require but very little baggage. Thin clothing will not be wanted. For a gentleman one good business suit is sufficient. A lady needs a stout, serviceable traveling dress, and a good black alpaca or silk—perhaps one other dress. A cloth sacque, a blanket shawl, and good walking shoes are necessary. Ready-made clothing of every description can be easily obtained at cheap rates in Europe.

The English cars are not warmed by stoves in winter; but flat metal boxes, filled with hot water, and covered with carpeting, are placed in each compartment, and these keep the feet warm. Plenty of wrappings are needful; but by this plan the head is kept cool, which is an improvement on our American system. The cost of living at European hotels has greatly increased within a few years past, and is especially high just at present. From a dollar and a half to three dollars a day will pay hotel expenses. Some one has estimated the sum necessary for a very shrewd, careful, economical, single gentleman to expend in traveling this year in Europe, at four dollars a day—for one moderately economical, six dollars. And the monthly expense of the same persons, if residing in Germany, Italy, or Switzerland would be respectively about thirty and fifty dollars.

The characteristic salutations of different nations are very curious. The Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?" The Chinese are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand, and as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking, "How goes the perspiration?" "Is it well with thee?" and "God preserve thee." The Hollander, with his proverbial love of good living, salutes his friends by asking, "Have you had a good dinner?"

In the Paris Exposition a cork and cork-screw are exhibited by means of which a glass of Champagne can be taken from a bottle without injuring the remaining contents. Thus this perishable wine can henceforth be enjoyed in a small quantity without the waste of a whole bottle.

It is a well-known rule of etiquette that a marriage fee is to be given and received quietly without examination. This practice, however, sometimes causes odd and uncomfortable mistakes. Not long ago a gentleman, just before the marriage of his daughter, made out a couple of checks, one of a few thousand, which he designed to give his child as he bade her good-by, and another of seventy-five dollars, to hand to the clergyman after the ceremony. In some way the checks were misplaced and got into the wrong hands. The daughter was no less surprised than the good minister; but the latter happened to be an honest man and the mistake was rectified. At a recent wedding in Detroit, the bridegroom was called on for a song. He cheerfully promised to comply, and said he would give his friends a new version of "Hunkadori." On taking the paper from his vest pocket, it proved to be—not a slip from a newspaper, as he had calculated—but a greenback which he had intended for the clergyman's fee. Imagine the bridegroom's consternation, and also the indignant surprise of the clergyman when he found only a new version of "Hunkadori," instead of some money for marketing.

In connection with these anecdotes we are reminded of a certain young gentleman of this city who gave to his groomsman a check for $100, to be given by him to the clergyman who united him to the lady of his choice. The clergyman was somewhat surprised that he received no fee; and that, as weeks passed on, no allusion was made to the omission. At length, in some way, the young gentleman heard that the check was never received. Investigation proved that a check drawn to the "bearer" proved too strong a temptation to the groomsman.

A recent writer, in speaking of Martin Luther, says that his relations with his children were singularly beautiful. He was especially gentle with them, and their fancies and imaginations delighted him. "Children," said Luther, "imagine heaven a place where rivers run with cream, and trees are hung with cakes and plums. Do not blame them. They are but showing their simple, natural, unquestioning, all-believing faith." One day, after dinner, when the fruit was on the table, the children were watching it with longing eyes. "That is the way," said he, "in which we grown Christians ought to look for the Judgment Day."

A singular duel recently took place at Berlin between a silversmith and another artisan. The arms selected were a bottle of sulphuric acid. The arrangement was that whichever of the two adversaries threw the lowest with dice should swallow the contents of the fatal vial. Chance favored the silversmith, who immediately poured out a glass of liquor and handed it to his adversary, who unhesitatingly drank off the liquid, but, to the astonishment of his antagonist, instead of falling senseless, smacked his lips and asked for another glass. The seconds had acted on the sensible idea of substituting arrack for the corrosive fluid. The affair terminated in a reconciliation.

A late French paper is responsible for the following good story: One day, after a horrible catastrophe on the Dijon Railroad, an old man presented himself at the place of disaster. A workman who was collecting the débris and clearing the track inquired what he wanted.

"Monsieur, I am one of the victims."

The workman looked up, and seeing a man without injury, inquired, "Whom have you lost, then—your wife, your child, and friend?"

"No, monsieur, I have lost my umbrella."

The workman searched among the broken cars and by a singular chance found the umbrella.

"There," said he, giving it to the peasant, "you are lucky to get out of the scrape that way."

"You call that lucky," returned the man; "look here, they have broken two whalebones."

At one of the jewelry stalls of the Paris Exhibition there is a glass case of jewelry which serves as a counter, and upon which there seem to be carelessly strown about some diamonds and other precious stones. They really adhere to the under surface of the glass. They are so finely cut that by mere pressure the air is excluded from the surface of the stones in contact with the glass, and in this way they adhere. But they seem to be lying outside. A very gayly-dressed Frenchwoman, seeing that nobody was watching them, covered them with her handkerchief and attempted to sweep them away, while at the same moment she directed her inquiries to another part of the stand. Her unsuccessful attempt caused much merriment among those who chanced to witness it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE removal of Governor Wells of Louisiana by General Sheridan was resisted by the Governor, and he had to be forcibly ejected from his office.

The rebel officials in the South are generally acting in opposition to the wishes of the military commanders. The Tax Collector, City Treasurer, and the members of the City Council of Mobile were removed from office by General Pope on June 4. Subsequently their positions were again tendered them, but they declined, when General Wager Swayne ordered the vacancies to be filled "from that large class of citizens who have heretofore been denied the right of suffrage and a participation in municipal affairs, and whose patriotism will prevent them from following this disloyal example." The Mayor and Commissioners of Fayetteville, North Carolina, were also removed from office by General Sickles on the same day, and their places supplied by others. General Griffin, in command at Galveston, Texas, has removed the city police and appointed a new force, several members of which are colored men.

A Union Republican Convention, composed of delegates of both colors, assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, on June 4. Two hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance, about one hundred and thirty of whom were blacks, who participated equally in the deliberations. A resolution, inviting Judge Richard Busteed to address the Convention, was violently opposed and defeated.

General Longstreet has declared in a card that the Republican party should be sustained by all parties, and that no politician can affiliate with the Democratic party until it recognized the right of negroes to suffrage.

The Texas Legislature in October, 1866, abolished two judicial districts, the judges of which were strong Union men, for the purpose of getting rid of them on account of their political opinions. General Sheridan, on June 10, issued an order nullifying the act, and reinstating the two judges in their places.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Operations on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas routes have ceased for the present, and the attention of General Sherman has been devoted to the Platte River route. At Omaha, on June 8, he issued general orders stating that the Union Pacific Railroad shall be so well guarded in future that no Indians will dare to interfere with it. All passengers and freight must be forwarded to the end of the track, and from there will be guarded by sufficient escorts specially provided for that purpose. He expressed himself as sanguine that he will clear the Platte Valley of Indians within two weeks. He has also, with the concurrence of Secretary Stanton, agreed to allow Governor Hunt, of Colorado, to equip five hundred volunteers for Indian service.

NEWS ITEMS.

C. W. Stauffer, the radical candidate in Natchitoches parish for the Louisiana State Convention, was murdered on June 3 by John Jones, a rebel citizen. The murderer deliberately shot him, and then rode to Stauffer's house, called for his wife, and told her he had killed her husband. He then rode out of town. The Sheriff attempted to arrest Jones and his brother who had aided him, and was shot in the head and severely injured, and an assistant was shot in the arm. The Joneses are nephews of Governor Wells, and R. B. Jones was appointed to the Supreme bench of the State during Wells's administration.

The trial of John H. Surratt was begun in Washington on June 10.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN attempt was made in Paris on June 6 to assassinate the Czar Alexander of Russia while riding with Napoleon III. The pistol fired exploded in the hands of the would-be assassin, and the Czar escaped injury.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria were crowned King and Queen of Hungary at Pesth on June 8.

The fall of Queretaro is fully confirmed. The lives of Maximilian and his principal Generals were spared.

The Queen of Spain has established the valuation of slaves in Cuba at $400 or less each. This is considered as a decided step toward the abolition of slavery.

Lord Monck has been appointed Viceroy of the new Dominion of Canada.

A plan for the absorption of the states of South Germany in the new Empire of Germany has been promulgated at Berlin.

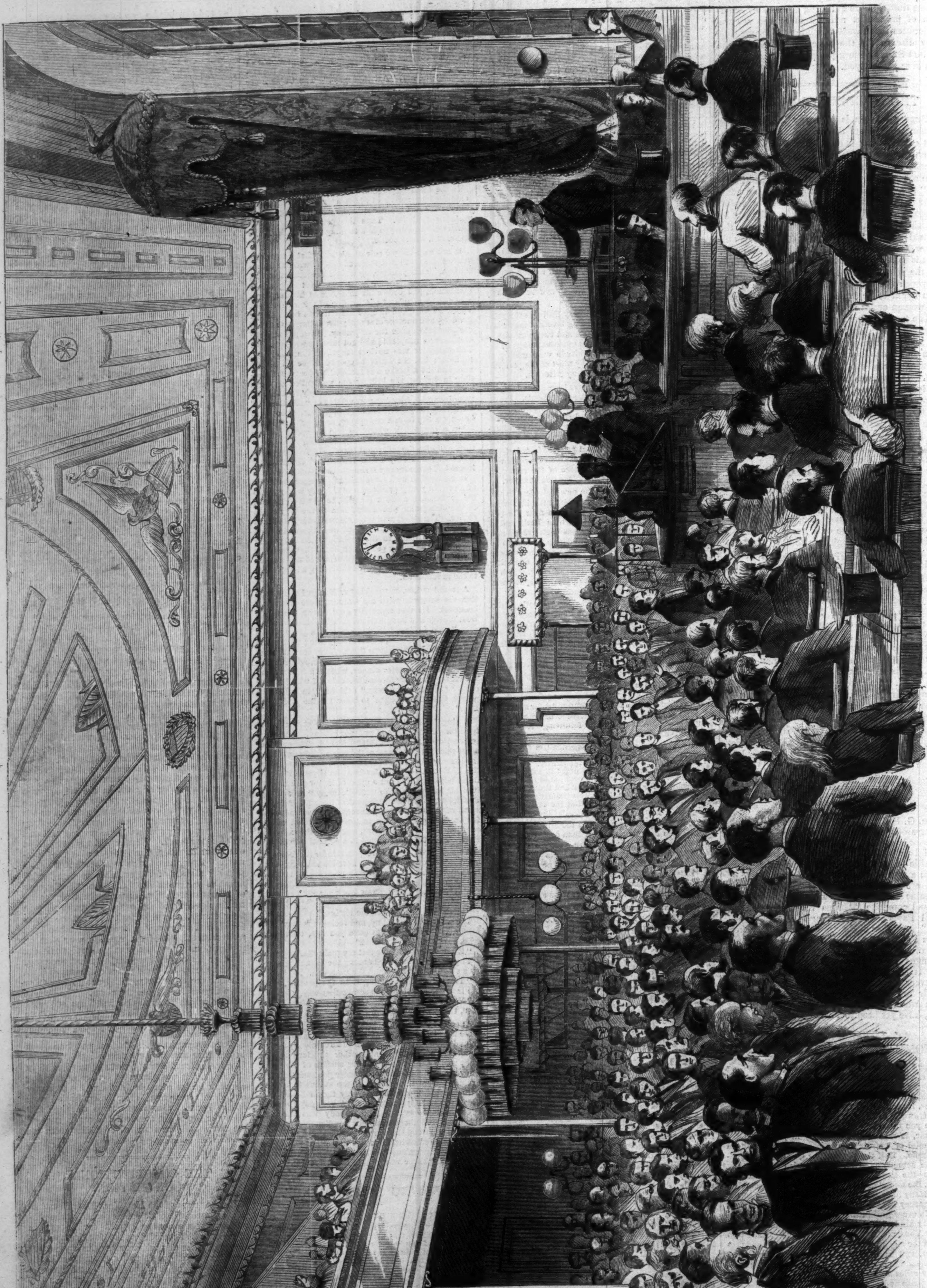
EXPLOSION AT PHILADELPHIA.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred at Philadelphia on June 6, about the hour of sunset. A steam-boiler in a manufacturing establishment exploded, demolishing the entire building, which was five stories high, and burying, it is believed, at least forty persons in the ruins. The report of the explosion was like that of a battery of artillery, and was heard for a great distance. At once the air was filled with bricks, beams, etc. Surrounding property was shaken as by an earthquake, and nearly every pane of glass in the vicinity was shattered. As soon as the terror excited by the report had partially subsided persons ran to the spot, and discovered that nothing remained of the building except a portion of the eastern wall and the chimney-stack. The site of the structure was one mass of ruins, almost level with the pavement. Every assistance was rendered. The piercing shrieks of the unfortunate men buried near the surface of the ruins, the stifled groans of others still further down, were truly heart-rending and appalling, and fairly paralyzing in their effects. By 8 o'clock the first body was found, and up to midnight ten bodies had been recovered. Most of the remains were past all recognition. Headless trunks; bodies without head or limbs; bodies with legs, but no arms, or with arms, but no legs; and masses of flesh without the slightest resemblance to humanity were drawn forth from the ruins. The intense heat to which the remains had been subjected had destroyed all vestiges of clothing, as well as disfiguring the face and limbs.

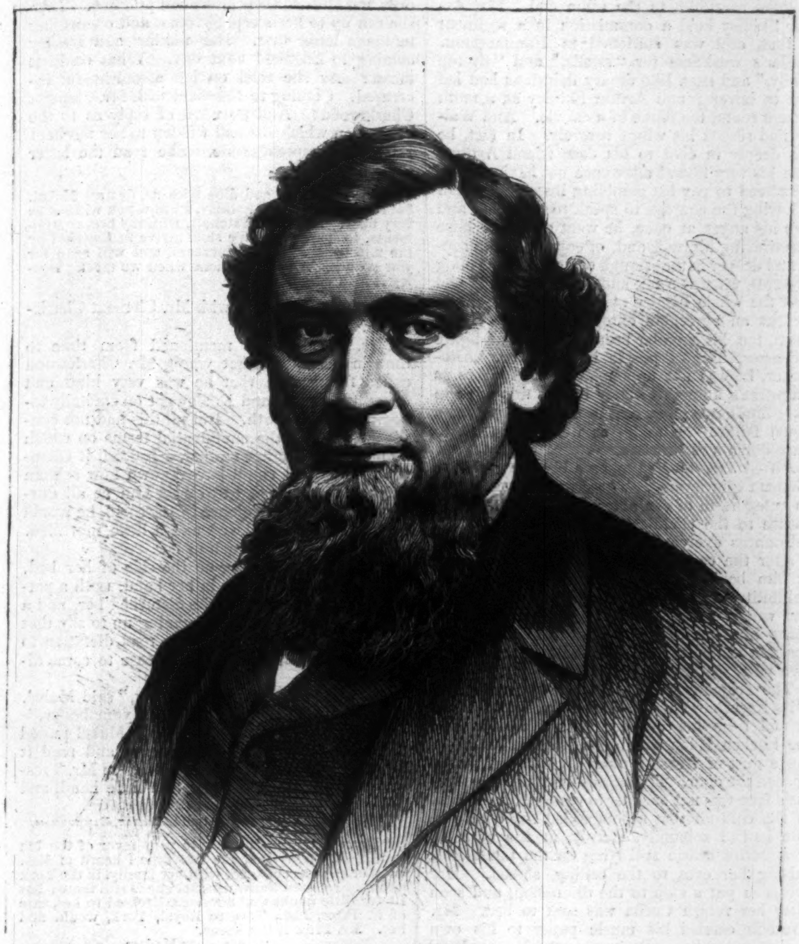
As we write the full particulars of the horrible catastrophe have not reached us. Seventeen bodies have thus far been taken from the ruins. One man named **ADAM STEWART** was buried in the ruins, but was protected by beams forming a sort of bridge over him, and dug his own way out almost uninjured, after being buried over twelve hours. Our illustrations on page 389 show the site of the accident and appearance of the ruins, and the removal of bodies from the demolished building.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

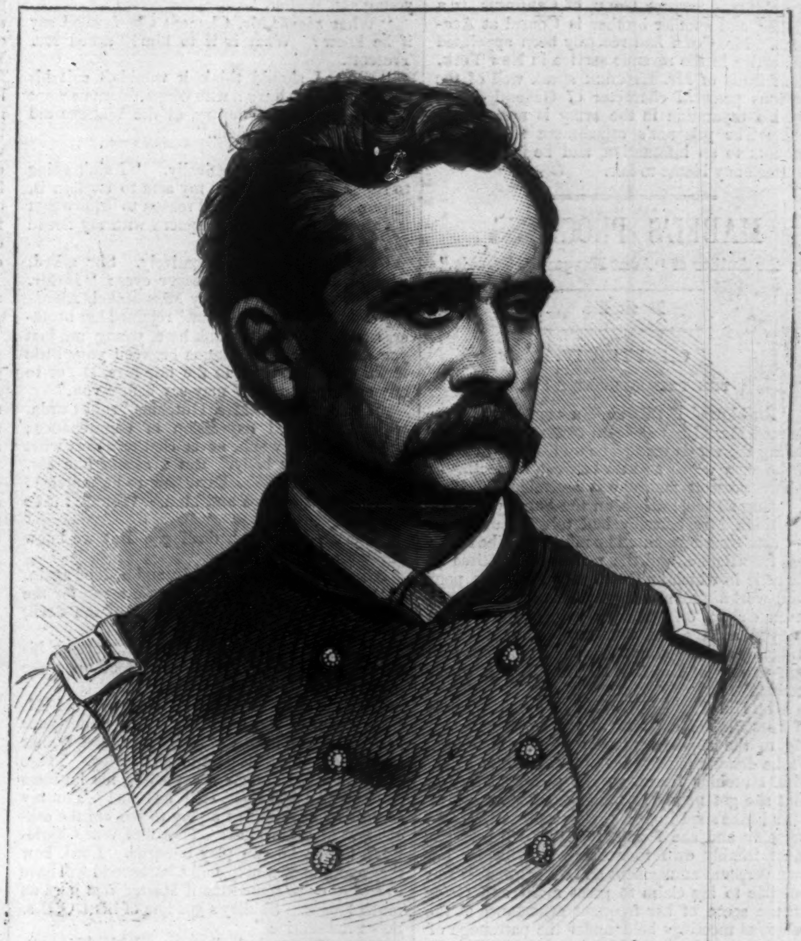
BY the terms of the New York State Constitution a Convention of delegates chosen by the people may meet every twenty years for the purpose of revising and remodeling the Constitution. A Convention for this purpose was called by the last Legislature, and the delegates elected met in the Assembly Chamber of the Capitol at Albany on June 4. The present Convention numbers 160 delegates, of whom 97 were elected as Republicans, and 63 as Democrats. The Convention was organized without difficulty, on June 4, by the election of **WILLIAM A. WHEELER** as President. Our view of the Assembly Chamber on page 388, with the delegates present, is a faithful reproduction of the scene at the time of the delivery of the President's speech, immediately after the organization.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION AT ALBANY—PRESIDENT WHEELER DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 387.]



HON. L. H. HISCOCK.



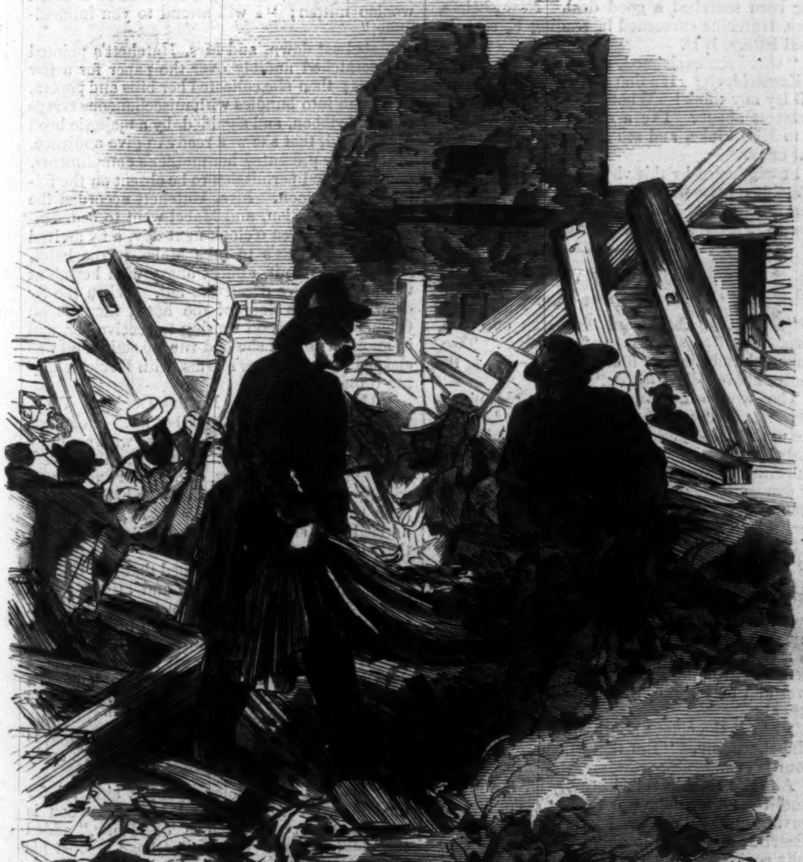
GENERAL GEORGE W. COLE.

THE ASSASSINATION AT ALBANY.

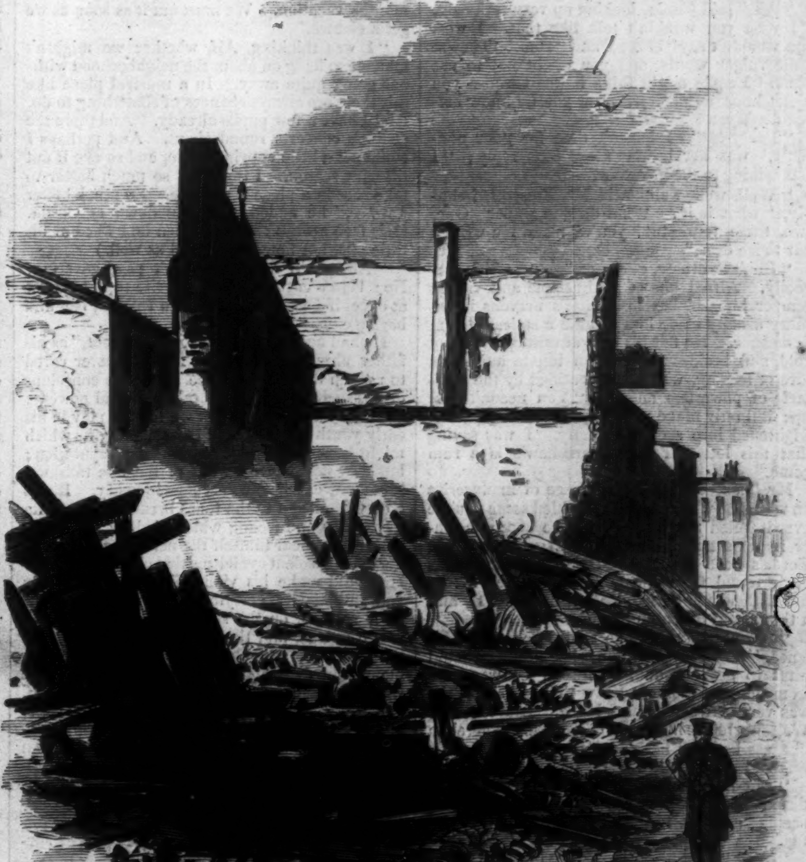
THE community was much shocked on June 5 last to hear of the murder of Hon. L. H. **HISCOCK**, formerly a member of the Legislature, and at the time of his death a delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Albany. The murder was committed by Brigadier-General **GEORGE** W. **COLE**, of Syracuse, New York, in the reception room of Stanwix Hall at Albany. Mr. **HISCOCK** was standing near the clerk's desk, when he was approached by General **COLE**, who deliberately spoke a few words in a low tone, and then placing a pistol at his head fired the fatal shot. The ball entered near the right eye. **HISCOCK** fell back senseless, and the wound bleeding profusely, he expired within 30 minutes. **COLE** remarked to a friend who approached him, that **HISCOCK** had been his best friend, but that while he (**COLE**) was in the army **HISCOCK** had betrayed his wife; and added, "I have the evidence now in my pocket." He quietly awaited the coming of the police, and was conveyed to the station-house. The examination of General **COLE** was begun at Albany on June 6, and he was committed to answer the crime of murder in the first degree.

Mr. **HISCOCK**, the murdered man, was born the 2d of May, 1824, in the town of Pompey, Onondaga County, New York. He was a farmer's son, and at the age of seventeen commenced teaching common school in his town. In the interim he had given much time to the study of law, and finally completing his studies with Hon. **DANIEL GOTT**, of Pompey, was admitted to the bar in 1840. In the same year he opened a law office in Tully, Onondaga County, and in February 1849 was elected Justice of the Peace of the town, which office he held for four years. In 1850 ne was elected Supervisor, and was almost unanimously re-elected in 1851. During the rebellion Mr. **HISCOCK** contributed of his means freely, and used his influence to promote enlistments, and to aid the Government generally in its struggle for liberty. In the fall of 1865 he was, by acclamation, nominated by the Republicans for Member of Assembly in the Third District of Onondaga County, and was elected by a majority of over 1300. In the Fall of 1865 he was re-elected to the Legislature. He was chosen delegate to the Constitutional Convention while acting as a member of the Assembly. Mr. **HISCOCK** leaves two very promising children—a daughter of fourteen, and a son of eleven. Their mother died eight years ago. He leaves a property of about $40,000.

General **GEORGE** W. **COLE**, the prisoner, is a physician by profession. He served in the army, holding a commission as Colonel, and was brevetted Brigadier-General for meritorious services. He was Inspector of Cavalry on the staff of General **BENJAMIN** F. **BUTLER**. At that time he was a Major in the Third New York Volunteers. Subsequently he raised a regiment of colored cavalry (the Third), of which he was made Colonel. He stood high in the army, was of quick disposition, brave and generous, and of the most temperate habits. He has two daugh-



BOILER EXPLOSION AT PHILADELPHIA.—RECOVERING THE BODIES.—[SKETCHED BY E. FRAZIER.]



BOILER EXPLOSION AT PHILADELPHIA—THE RUINS.—SKETCHED BY E. FRAZIER.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

ters, one of fourteen, and the other of eleven. His family connections are of the highest respectability. Senator Cole, of California, is a brother, and another brother is Consul at Acapulco. Mr. Cole had recently been appointed a detective in the revenue service in New York. The friends of Mr. Hiscock speak well of the previous personal character of General Cole, and his reputation in the army is unimpeachable. The prisoner's attachment to his wife amounts to an infatuation, and he is very loth to attach any blame to her.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book II.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRESCOTTS AT HOME.

"I'm blowed if this ain't a rum game!" exclaimed Mr. Alfred Trescott to his father, enunciating the words with some difficulty, by reason of the cigar which he held between his teeth.

The Trescott family was assembled in Mrs. Hutchins's front kitchen on the Sunday evening in which Mrs. Saxelby had taken counsel of Clement Charlewood. The mistress of the house was from home, and the master had retired to the attic in which he slept. Mr. Hutchins, poor hard-working man, always went to rest at about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, and usually enjoyed a long and uninterrupted slumber, to judge by the sonorous snores that made the lath and plaster of Number 23 New Bridge Street tremble.

Mrs. Hutchins had become an ardent disciple of Miss Fluke; and was, at that moment, listening to the supererogatory sermon which Miss Fluke denominated "Sabbath evening lecture." Mrs. Hutchins found, to her pleased surprise, that she got nearly as much excitement out of Miss Fluke's spiritual exercises as from Rosalba herself; and she found, too, that whereas she must frankly own to seeking Rosalba for her own personal amusement and delectation, it was possible to lay claim to great merit and virtue on the score of her frequent attendance at the religious meetings held under the patronage of the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his family. In short, the profession and practice of the Flukian school of piety combined the usually incompatible advantages of eating one's cake and having it too. So Mrs. Hutchins was at present a model parishioner, and had—to use the jargon in vogue among the congregation of St. Philip-in-the-Fields—"got conversion."

Little Corda, still pale and delicate, but quite recovered from her accident, was sitting on a wooden stool before the hearth, with her head leaning against her father's knee, and her musing eyes fixed on the glowing caverns in the coal fire. Mr. Trescott was copying music at the deal table, which was strewn with loose sheets of manuscript orchestral parts, gritty with the sand that had been thrown upon the wet ink to dry it quickly and save time. Alfred took his cheap cigar from between his teeth, and repeated, with more emphasis and distinctness than before, that he was blowed if this wasn't a rum game.

"Alf," said Corda, looking up very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I wish you wouldn't say 'blowed' and 'rum.' They're quite vulgar words, and you ought not to use them. People might think it was because you didn't know any better. But you do know better, don't you?"

"Pussy-cat. I haven't time for your nonsense," was her brother's gracious reply; "I was talking to the governor."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Trescott, irritably, "what is it? What do you want? One, two, three, four—tut! you've made me write a bar twice over."

"Don't be crusty, governor," returned his son, coolly. Alfred was of an irascible and violent temper himself, but his father's nervous irritability usually made him assume a stoically calm demeanor. He felt his own advantage in being cool, and besides he had an innate and cruel love of teasing, which was gratified by the spectacle of powerless anger. "You needn't flare up; it'll only make you bilious, and I sha'n't be frightened into speaking pretty. I was saying that this letter of Miss Earnshaw's is a rum game."

Mr. Trescott finished the page of manuscript on which he was engaged, sprinkled some pounce over it, piled the loose sheets one upon the other in a neat packet, and then, gently moving Corda's head from its resting-place, turned his chair round from the table, and stared at the fire with hands buried deep in his pockets, and a thoughtful frown on his face.

"It's very natural," he said, after a long silence, "that if Mrs. Walton is her aunt she should want to get her aunt's address. I was sure from the first moment I saw that girl's face she was very like some one I know. And it's Mrs. Walton's blind husband, of course. There's a likeness between her and Polly, too; but Polly isn't so handsome."

"But ain't it a little odd, don't you think, that Miss Earnshaw shouldn't know her own people's address, but should have to write to us for it? Or is that very natural too?"

"Well," said Mr. Trescott, "I will send her the last address I heard of their being at. That's all I can do. I suppose Mrs. Walton is still in the York circuit."

"Umph!" said Alfred, with a dry, mocking laugh, "I wonder what my high, polite friend Mr. Clement Charlewood would say if he knew. His folks all go to old Fluke's shop, and fall into sky-blue convulsions at the very mention of a theatre. I pick up a lot about them from that young ass, Walter."

"What *should* Mr. Clement Charlewood say if he knew? What is it to him?" asked Mr. Trescott.

"Why, I should think it wouldn't suit his stuck-up airs to have a wife whose relations went cadging about the country, as the Waltons did when we first knew them."

"A wife?"

Alfred nodded emphatically. "I ain't going to spin a yarn as long as my arm to explain it, governor; but I have good reason to believe that it's a case of unmitigated spoons with my friend the hodman."

Corda was listening attentively. She asked, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes: "Is Mr. Charlewood going to marry Miss Mabel, Alf?"

"*I* don't know, pussy-cat," rejoined her brother, carelessly. "But look here, young 'un, just you keep your little tongue between your little teeth. Don't chatter to the fair Mrs. H., or to any one, about what I may say before you."

"I never talk to Mrs. Hutchins," said Corda, with a mortified expression of countenance; and I'm sure I would never chatter about what you say to any body. But I *should* like Mr. Charlewood and Miss Earnshaw to be married! They're both so nice and kind. Wouldn't it be beautiful, papa?"

"Perhaps it might, darling. But we know nothing about the matter."

Alfred laughed provokingly, and nodded again. "Well," said he, "I don't care a rap for the whole boiling. They may all go to the devil, head-foremost, for me!"

"I do care," said Mr. Trescott, nursing his lame leg, and beating the sound foot upon the ground rapidly, "I *do* care!"

"That's a blessing for all parties," said Alfred; "but if you take that family under your patronage you'll have your hands full. Walter is playing a nice little game with Skidley. Those chaps at the barracks are settling his business as clean as a whistle. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my soul, it was as good as a play to see 'em the other night at Plumtree's! That fool Wat Charlewood thinks he can play billiards. Lord, how they gammoned him! Old Charlewood will have to stump up to some tune if Master Wat goes on much longer. Skidley's got lots of his I.O.U.s. So's Fitzmaurice."

"Set of scoundrels!" muttered Mr. Trescott, between his teeth.

"Well, pretty well for that," said Alfred, "but they can't do *me*."

"Ah, Alf, Alf," said his father, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven you would give up that sort of thing altogether!"

Alfred shrugged his shoulders impatiently, but made no reply. Then there was a long silence among the three—a silence broken only by the loud ticking of that clock which Corda had listened to so many nights in her sick-bed.

"I spoke to Copestake yesterday morning about the close of the season," said Mr. Trescott, at length. Copestake was the manager of the Hammerham theatre.

"Well?" said Alfred.

"Well, he don't see any chance of going on much after Easter; and it falls early this year. He wouldn't reopen till September. I don't quite know what to do."

"What to do? Why, we can't afford a six months' vacation. We must cut it as soon as we get a chance."

"I was thinking, Alf, whether we mightn't manage to hang on about the neighborhood without going quite away. In a musical place like this there are always chances of something to do. And I have a few pupils already. And there are people's concerts round about. And perhaps I could get a little copying to do, and so eke it out till next season. I think it's so much better to take root in a place if possible. So much better for *her*," he added, glancing down at Corda. (His face always softened when he looked at his little girl, but now it grew sad as well.)

"Ah, you'll find that won't pay, governor. No; better cut it. I would write to old Moffat at once, if I was you, and go to Ireland, bag and baggage."

He had no strong desire to "take root," as his father phrased it. Alfred Trescott never cared to remain long in one place. He was conscious of possessing very considerable musical powers; and many of those who heard the lad play in his early youth still maintain that he had gifts which might have gained him an European reputation; but they perished for want of the one talisman that alone can insure success—industry. It was strange to listen to the tones breathing exquisite tenderness and feeling which his bow produced, and then to hear himself the next moment uttering hard, insolent cynicisms that chilled the heart. He could make his violin discourse eloquently and pathetically, carrying one's very soul aloft, as it seemed, on the soaring sounds. But the music ceased, and the musician remained cold, selfish, cruel, and cunning; sneering at sentiment, and denying goodness. Nevertheless he was possessed at times by a feverish ambition, and indulged in wild dreams of brilliant success, and of all the sweets that such success can bring. Then he would delude himself into thinking that in a new place, among strangers, and surrounded by other scenes, he could, as he phrased it, "make a fresh start," and work his way upward. But the fresh start must have been within him; and no outward circumstances or surroundings could avail him any thing.

It was true that he did really know a good many particulars about the Charlewood family through Walter. That poor boy's friend, the Honorable Arthur Skidley, was a thoroughly black sheep. He was the younger son of a very worthy nobleman, whose limited means were quite inadequate to supply his extravagances. Already his sister's portion had been pinched to pay his debts, and his father had made some personal sacrifices to the same end. Mr. Arthur Skidley held a commission in a regiment of foot, and was stationed in Hammerham. Walter's weakness for "swells," and "tip-top family," and such like dreary delusions had led him to hover round Arthur Skidley as a moth flutters round the flame of a candle. And Walter had singed his wings severely. In fact, he was deeply in debt to his dear friend Arthur, even his very liberal allowance not having nearly sufficed to pay his gambling losses. Instead of having the courage to speak to his father and face his anger at once, he went on in the hope of retrieving himself, and, of course, sank deeper and deeper in that slough of despond. Young Trescott, wary as a fox and keen as a hawk, had read the whole history at a glance. He could present an agreeable exterior when he chose. Then, too, his singular beauty of face and figure prepossessed most people in his favor. Altogether, he was not unpopular at such places as Plumtree's, though Skidley had at first tried to stare him down; but that attempt had proved a signal failure—he might as well have tried to stare down a rattlesnake.

Alfred Trescott had taken a bitter aversion to Clement Charlewood. There was between them an antagonism of character almost similar in its nature to the chemical repulsion which certain substances exercise toward each other. With Walter the case was different. Alfred sneered at him behind his back for his weakness and gullibility, but he rather liked him on the whole, and would, perhaps, have been even capable of doing him a kindness, had such kindness been possible without the least self-sacrifice on his own part.

The Trescotts had got back to the subject of Miss Earnshaw's letter, when Mrs. Hutchins returned from her evening lecture, and entered the kitchen laden with good books, and bringing a gust of freezing outer air with her as she opened the door. The expression of Mrs. Hutchins's face was not such as to counteract the chill of the cold air that accompanied her entrance. She looked solemnly, sternly, at the heap of manuscript music still lying on the table, and, raising her eyes to the ceiling, sighed. Her presence put a stop to the discussion, and soon after her return Corda was sent to bed. Mr. Trescott carried his music paper to his own room, saying he must sit up to finish some band parts that were wanted for the next evening; and Alfred put the latch-key into his pocket, and betook himself to some congenial society.

"What's up now, I wonder!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins when she was left alone. "We're mighty close all of a sudden. The very minute I come in they was all as mum as any think."

And then Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to make a careful search in every corner of the kitchen; turning over the books that lay on the dresser, examining every scrap of paper, even peeping into a leathern tobacco-pouch of Mr. Trescott's, which had been left on the chimney-piece. As she put it down again her eye was caught by an envelope lying singed among the ashes underneath the grate. She pounced on it, and holding it close to the candle examined it carefully. It was directed to —— Trescott, Esq., 23 New Bridge Street, Hammerham. The post-mark was much defaced, that corner of the letter having been scorched a good deal. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hutchins succeeded in reading E, and the final letters, L D.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a cunning smile; "Eastfield, eh? It's that there Miss Hernshaw, I'll lay any think! What can she be writing to Trescott about? I've a good mind to mention it to Miss Fluke, and see if I can't get summat out of her."

Strengthened by this virtuous resolution, Mrs. Hutchins partook, with a good appetite, of a hearty supper of bread and cheese, and went to rest.

CHAPTER V.

A DAY AT EASTFIELD.

"One, two, three, four, five, six; one, two, three, four, five, six. Third finger on C. Two, three—thumb under—four, five, six—six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin."

The wretched, ill-used, jingling old pianoforte was giving forth spasmodic discords under the unskillful fingers of a pale, fat little girl, and Mabel sat beside her, with burning head and quivering nerves, engaged in that most wearing of drudgeries—an attempt to convey an idea of tune and rhythm to an utterly dull and obtuse ear.

Surely, of all kinds of teaching, giving music-lessons is the most exhausting to the nervous system. The horrible apprehension and anticipation of the wrong note before it is played, and then the more horrible jar when it does come, must be torment to a delicate ear. And then, in a school, the distracting monotony of repetition, the grinding out of the same dreary tune, over and over again, by one dull child after another!

"Six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin," said Mabel, wearily. "But that will do. Your half-hour is over."

As Miss Dobbin rolled heavily off the music-stool the parlor door was thrown open, and the servant-girl held out two letters between her outstretched finger and thumb, which she had carefully covered with her checked apron.

"Miss Hernshaw. Arternoon deliv'ry. This here's from your mother, miss; I dunno th' other," said the girl, examining the direction.

"Thank you, Susan," said Mabel, taking the letters quietly.

When she had got them in her hand her fingers closed tightly over her mother's letter; but she put it into her pocket with the other, and waited with outward patience until all the children had finished their afternoon practice. Then she ran up to her sleeping-room, and opened her mother's letter first. Her mother and Dooley coming to Eastfield next day. What could it mean? As she read on her astonishment increased. Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood! And no word of reply as to the subject on which she had written to her mother! It was incomprehensible. She read the letter again:

> "You will come and dine with us, dearest Mabel. Saturday being a half-holiday, I know you will not be very busy. Ask Mrs. Hatchett, with my best compliments, to spare you. We shall arrive in Eastfield by the 2.15 train from Hammerham, and will send for you at once. All explanations when we meet. Dooley is mad with delight."

Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood!

Mrs. Saxelby had mentioned from time to time in her letters that young Mr. Charlewood called frequently; that he was very kind and friendly; that he and Dooley got on capitally together; and so forth. But all this had not conveyed to Mabel the confidential terms on which he now was with her mother. Indeed, if Clement Charlewood could have known how seldom Mabel's thoughts had dwelt on him at all during the time of her sojourn in Eastfield, he would have been much grieved and a little mortified. He had thought so much of her.

Mabel sat pondering on the side of her bed, with her mother's letter in her hand, until a pattering footstep on the stairs disturbed her, and a breathless little girl came running up to say that Miss Earnshaw was wanted to read dictation to the French class, and was to please to come directly.

"I will follow you immediately," said Mabel, rising. "Run down and prepare your books."

As soon as the child was gone Mabel pulled the other letter out of her pocket and read it hastily. It was a very brief note from Mr. Trescott, written in a cramped thin little hand, and ran thus:

> "23 New Bridge Street, Hammerham,
> *Jan. 12.*
>
> "Dear Madam,—In reply to your favor of the 7th inst., I beg to say that the last time I heard of Mrs. Walton she was engaged, with her family, in the York circuit. I do not know whether she is still there; but I have little doubt that a letter addressed to her, care of R. Price, Esq., Theatre Royal, York, would find her. Mr. Price is the lessee.
>
> "I am, dear Madam,
> "Your obedient servant,
> "J. Trescott.
>
> "P.S.—My little girl sends you her best love, and often speaks of your kindness to her.—J. T."

Mabel's day came to an end at last, and, at about nine o'clock, when all the pupils were in bed, she tapped at the door of Mrs. Hatchett's sitting-room, and went in to ask permission to accept her mother's invitation. Mrs. Hatchett was sitting near a starved and wretched little fire, and a small table beside her was covered with bills and letters. Mrs. Hatchett was making up her accounts. She was a thin, white woman, with a long face. Mabel could never help associating her countenance with that of an old gray pony which drew the baker's cart, and came daily to the door. There was a length of upper lip and a heavy, ruminating stolidity in Mrs. Hatchett's face, highly suggestive of the comparison.

"Be seated, Miss Earnshaw," said the schoolmistress, waving her hand, encased in a black woolen mitten; "I will attend to you immediately."

Mabel sat down, and Mrs. Hatchett's pointed pen scratched audibly over the paper for a few minutes; then she collected her bills and papers, tied them into bundles with miscellaneous scraps of faded ribbon, and signified, by a majestic bend of the head, that she was ready to give audience. Mabel duly presented her mother's compliments, and requested permission to be absent on the following afternoon. Mrs. Hatchett accorded the desired permission, and Mabel went to bed.

When, at three o'clock next day, a fly arrived at Mrs. Hatchett's to take Mabel to the hotel, she stepped into it, almost angry with herself at the apprehensive dread she felt. When the fly drew up at the door of the hotel, there stood Clement Charlewood waiting to receive her, and in another minute she had run up stairs and was clasped in her mother's arms, with Dooley clinging round her.

"Dearest mamma! Darling Dooley! Why, what foolish people we are, all of us!" exclaimed Mabel. "Any one would suppose we were quite sorry to see each other!" For the tears were standing in her own eyes, and Mrs. Saxelby was wiping hers away. By-and-by, when the first flush had died from Mabel's cheek, her mother noticed that she was pale and hollow-eyed, and that she had grown very thin.

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that Mr. Charlewood had said he would go and attend to the business which had called him to Eastfield, and would leave her free to speak with her daughter.

"Oh, he is here on business?" said Mabel.

"Well, yes, partly. But it is business that I dare say will all be done in half an hour; he wished to invite Dooley to dinner, and took this opportunity of having us all together."

"Then this is Mr. Julian Saxelby's dinner, is it?" said Mabel, kissing her little brother's curly head.

"'Es," replied Dooley, "but it ain't all for me. 'Oo, an' mamma, and Mr. Tarlewood is to have dinner too. I love 'oo, Tibby," added the child, pressing his fair forehead against his sister's breast, and clasping her waist with his arms.

"My own little Dooley! And I love you so, so much. Now sit still there, darling, while I talk to mamma."

Dooley was very willing to sit still with Mabel's arms round him, and his head on her breast, and he nestled close up to her.

"Dearest mamma, you did not answer the main point in my letter. I suppose you meant to reply to it by word of mouth?"

Mrs. Saxelby held one of Mabel's hands in her own, and was clasping and unclasping her fingers round it nervously.

"Dear Mabel," she said, "I do hope you'll think better of it. I think it is an altogether mistaken idea. And mind, Mabel! I do not speak on my own unaided judgment."

"On whose, then, mamma?" asked Mabel, with a flushed cheek.

"Ah, there, there, there! If you get angry, Mabel, I can not speak. I shall lose myself directly."

"Not angry, mamma—not angry, but sorry. Why should you not trust your own unaided judgment? And who is there in the world whose opinion I am bound to prefer to yours?"

"Mabel, you know that I can not rely on my own unaided judgment—I never could. And this, besides, is a matter that requires knowledge of the world and experience."

"Knowledge of what world? The world that I wish to enter you and I have already some knowledge of. In this matter advisers would probably be more ignorant and inexperienced than we are. Mamma, are we to set aside what we *know*—what we have proved—in deference to the vague prejudices of other people? Is it reasonable? Is it honest?"

Mabel pushed her hair back from her brow with one hand as she spoke and looked at her mother with kindling eyes. The action had been an habitual one with Mabel's father, and for the moment Mrs. Saxelby seemed to see her first husband's face before her.

"Mabel," she said, with an effort, "listen to me. Don't suppose that I am insensible to the dreariness of your present life. You remember that I never wished you to accept this engagement. The pay seemed to me too miserable, and the work too trying. But it does not follow that you should be tied to this drudgery for life." Mrs. Saxelby recalled Clement's words and quoted them as accurately as she could.

"To this drudgery, or to another drudgery like to this. It matters very little," answered Mabel. "It's not all for myself, mamma—not even *chiefly* for myself—that I want to embrace another career. But after all I am *I*. I can not be another person. This life is misery to me."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby was terribly puzzled. Her recipe had failed. She had taken advice, and had administered the prescribed remedy to the patient. But the patient tossed it on one side and would not be persuaded of its virtues. Mrs. Saxelby began to feel rather angry with Clement Charlewood. What was his advice worth? She had followed it, and it had produced no effect.

"My dearest mother, you say you have been taking counsel with some one. With whom?"

"Well, Mabel, Mr. Clement Charlewood has been speaking about your prospects and—"

"Mr. Clement Charlewood! Surely you have not been taking counsel with *him* on this matter!"

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, if you are violent it is all over. Yes, I have been taking counsel—in a measure—with Clement Charlewood. Why should I not? He is very clever and very kind."

"Mamma, I am very sorry that you thought fit to speak to him as to my future. However, as it is done, it can not be undone. But how should Mr. Clement Charlewood be a more competent judge than yourself of the course I propose to follow? You can not assert that you have any real conviction that a theatrical career implies a vile or a wicked life!"

"Oh, Mabel!"

"I know, dear mother, that such words must sound horribly false in your ears. But yet that and no other is the plain unvarnished meaning of the people who would dissuade you from allowing me to try it."

"No, no, no, Mabel; not necessarily that. But there are risks, temptations—"

"Temptations! There may be temptations any where, every where. Here in Eastfield, in Mrs. Hatchett's house, do you know what *temptations* assail me? No; happily you do not; I would not harass you and humiliate myself by writing them. But there is no kind of petty meannesses, of small miserable cheatery, which is not practiced by Mrs. Hatchett. There are temptations held out to me to be false in fifty ways. To connive at overcharges in her accounts, to lie, to cheat."

Mabel walked up and down the room with her hands pressed tightly on her burning temples and the salt tears trembling in her eyes.

Mrs. Saxelby remained rocking herself to and fro on the sofa in a state of doubt and bewilderment. With her the latest speaker was almost always right. And her daughter's influence was fast obliterating the memory of Clement's words of counsel. Suddenly Mabel stopped.

"Do you forbid me," said she, "to write to my aunt?"

Mrs. Saxelby felt relieved. Here was at least a concession that she felt herself at liberty to make. Here was a respite—a putting off of any final decision.

"Certainly you may write to your aunt, Mabel. I never intended to forbid your doing that. I am sure no one can have a higher regard and respect for your aunt than I have. You will see what *she* says. I believe she will try to dissuade you from your scheme."

"Thanks, mamma. I will write to her. You are not angry with me, my own mother?"

Mrs. Saxelby clasped her daughter in her arms and kissed her broad open brow again and again.

"I wish I could see you happy, my child," said the poor mother, wistfully.

"I shall be happy—we shall all be happy—as long as we continue to love one another. Only let no one come between us. Let no one come between us. Let us take our own path, and cling together."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. SAXELBY DOZES.

When Clement returned to the hotel at five o'clock to dinner, he found the mother and daughter listening smilingly to Dooley's elaborate account of all the interesting personages in Hazlehurst. He had already related how the kind old clergyman always spoke to him, and called him a good boy; had sketched vividly several thrilling adventures, in which his "pussy kitten" and a big dog, belonging to one of the neighbors, played the chief part, and was now deep in the private memoirs of the pig. So they all sat down to dinner in a merrier mood than might have been anticipated.

Clement did not venture to put any questions as to the result of Mrs. Saxelby's interview with her daughter. Mabel's manner to him was still reserved, but kinder than when they had parted. She felt his goodness to her mother, and Dooley's evident fondness for "Mr. Tarlewood," inclined her heart toward him. Mabel had always liked Clement Charlewood, and felt that he was to be relied upon. But her over-sensitive pride had received a wound from Penelope's sharp tongue that made her still wince when she thought of it, and caused her to guard herself carefully from any thing like softness of manner toward Clement.

After dinner Dooley's health was drunk with all solemnity: Dooley himself standing up in his chair to do honor to the toast, and quaffing a brimming beaker of very weak sherry-and-water—say, water-and-sherry.

There was a cheerful fire on the hearth; the curtains were drawn, the lamp was shaded, and the room looked snug and home-like. Mrs. Saxelby was installed in a large easy-chair, with her feet on a cushion; and Dooley, beginning to show symptoms of sleepiness, curled himself up on the hearth-rug at Mabel's feet, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

"At what hour does our train start?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"I purposed returning by the 8.20 train, if you have no objection," answered Clement. "The next after that is at midnight, and would be too late."

"Ah! And then we can set down Mabel on our way to the station. There is more than an hour before we need start. How delicious the warmth of the fire is! It makes one quite drowsy."

In fact, after a few desultory attempts at polite conversation, Mrs. Saxelby leaned back in her chair and slumbered peacefully. Mabel held a slight screen in her hand to shield her eyes from the glare of the fire, so that her face was partly in shadow, and Clement, sitting on the opposite side of the table, watched her furtively, and admired the delicate turn of the throat, the round, graceful head, and the shining gloss of the dark hair lighted up fitfully by red gleams of fire-light. But he, too, had noticed that Mabel had grown thin and pale, and that there were dark hollows under her eyes, betokening suffering and weariness.

His heart yearned within him to take the slight girlish creature in his arms, and bid her lay down her load of care and trouble on his breast.

"You see I was right in saying au revoir when we parted, Miss Earnshaw," he said, in a subdued tone.

"Oh, I did not mean by my adieu that I should never see you again, Mr. Charlewood. I simply meant to express that thenceforward our paths in life would be so very different. In that sense our parting was a final one."

"If I believed that, it would be very painful to me. But you would not care?"

Mabel was silent.

"You will perhaps be angry with me, but I can not help saying how grieved I am to learn from Mrs. Saxelby that you are not happy here at Eastfield."

"Thank you. I did not expect to be happy here."

"You think, perhaps, that I have no right to enter into such topics with you; but Mrs. Saxelby has thought it well to confide in me. I did not seek her confidence, but I appreciate and respect it. I have not been meddlesome or importunate, believe me, Miss Earnshaw."

"I acquit you of any thing of the kind," said Mabel, earnestly. "I am incapable of doing you so much injustice as to suspect you of being meddlesome, Mr. Charlewood."

"Miss Earnshaw!" There was something in his voice, subdued as it was almost to a whisper, that startled Mabel, and made her cheek flush deeply. "Miss Earnshaw, I—I wish—I am painfully conscious of being at a disadvantage with you; but I wish I could persuade you to trust me as—as—a brother."

"To trust you, Mr. Charlewood? I do trust you."

"No, not as I would have you trust me. Mrs. Saxelby has told you that she confided to me your project of going on the stage?"

"Mamma did tell me so."

"I strongly urged her to dissuade you from that project."

"She also told me that."

"And have you allowed yourself to be convinced?"

"Convinced! Mr. Charlewood, on most questions I would defer to your judgment, but not on this. I have a vivid recollection of my life in my uncle's family, and I say that they were good people—good, true, honest people, living a much higher and nobler life than this Mrs. Hatchett, for example, who scarcely ever speaks a true word, or smiles a true smile, or looks a true look, from morning to night."

"You speak harshly," said Clement, with a pained manner.

"I speak quite truly. I can not judge the woman's heart. There may be motives, excuses—what do I know? But it is vain to frighten me with a bugbear represented by such a woman as my Aunt Mary, and then bid me turn and admire Mrs. Hatchett."

"Your aunt, I have been led to understand, is an exceptional person."

"She is so; and so, I trust, is Mrs. Hatchett. But I do not believe that the profession people follow makes them either good or bad."

"Dear Miss Earnshaw, you can not know all the considerations that weigh against your scheme. A woman should shun publicity. At least, that is my idea."

"A woman should shun dishonesty, evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. All these things are very rife in the privacy of my school life. But we will cease this discussion, if you please. I appreciate your good motive, Mr. Charlewood; and, if you will let me say so, I am very grateful to you for your friendship toward mamma. As to me, I suppose I have put myself out of the pale of your good graces. But I am not cold-hearted or ungrateful. Perhaps some day you may think better of me."

The moment's softening of the candid brow, the unlocking of the haughty lips from their scornful curve, the half-timid, half-playful look of appeal in her face as she uttered these words, had an irresistible charm for Clement. He leaned his folded arms upon the table, and bending across it until his hair nearly brushed the hand she held up to screen her face, whispered tremulously: "Mabel, I love you."

She turned upon him for a moment in the full blaze of the lamp a countenance so white, and lighted by such astonished eyes, that he was startled. Then the tide of crimson rushed over neck, cheek, and brow, and she dropped her head upon her outspread hands without a word.

"Mabel, Mabel," he said, "won't you speak to me? Have I offended? have I hurt you?"

Here Mrs. Saxelby, turning in her chair, opened her eyes for a moment, and said, with great suavity: "I hope you are entertaining Mr. Charlewood, Mabel. Don't mind my closing my eyes; I can hear every word you say." And the next moment she gave utterance to the gentlest and most lady-like of snores.

"Mabel," said Clement, in a voice that trembled from the strong effort he was making to command himself, "I beseech you to speak to me, or I shall think I have pained you beyond forgiveness."

Mabel slowly raised her face, which was now quite pale again, and looked at him; but she said no word, and her mouth seemed fixed into a frozen silence.

Clement rose from his chair, and coming round to where she sat, knelt on the ground beside her, close to the child who lay nestling at her feet.

"Mabel," he said, "I did not intend to speak to you so, and now. But the words I have said, however poorly uttered, are the truth. I love you with all my heart, so help me Heaven!"

She clasped her hands so tightly together as to press a slight plain ring she wore deep into the soft flesh.

"I am very sorry," she said at last, with an effort.

"Very sorry! Oh, Mabel!"

He rose and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment.

"Very sorry! And I would give the world to make you happy."

"Pray, pray do not speak to me any more now. I can not bear it."

"No, no. I will not distress you. I will be patient. I will wait. I have taken you by surprise, and have been brusque and awkward. Do not give me your answer now. You will let me write to you—see you again. Only this one word more. Believe that I shall always, always be your friend—your dearest and closest friend on earth, if you will let me—but, come what may, a faithful and devoted friend."

She had hidden her face in her hands once more, but he could see by the heaving of her breast that she was weeping.

"I do not ask you to speak to me, Mabel. But if you believe that I will be true to that promise, and if you trust me, give me your hand. I shall understand and shall be grateful. You won't refuse me so much, for old friendship's sake."

For the space of a minute she sat motionless, save for the sobs which shook her frame. Then, without raising her head or looking up, she held out to him her little hand, all marked and dented by the pressure of her ring.

He took it very gently between both of his, and, bending over her, whispered, "God bless you, Mabel!" And then there was silence between them.

When Mrs. Saxelby awoke at the jingling entrance of the tea-tray she found that Clement had partially withdrawn the heavy curtains from the window, and was gazing out into the blackness of the night.

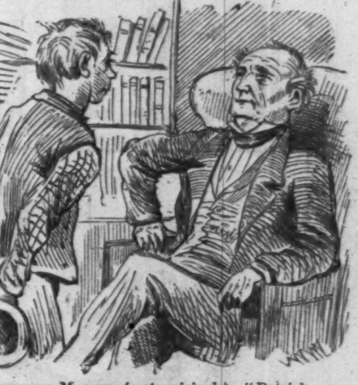
"Dear me!" said Mrs. Saxelby, apologetically; "I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Charlewood. I'm afraid I've been dozing." The good lady had been wrapped in a profound slumber. "I'm so sorry, for I fear that dear Mabel has not been the liveliest companion in the world. Poor darling! She is tired and worn. I shall be so thankful when Easter comes, that she may get away from this place."

Then they had tea, and Dooley had to be aroused and wrapped up for his journey, and then it was time to go. They drove first to Mrs. Hatchett's, and set down Mabel.

Very little was said on the journey back to Hammerham. Mrs. Saxelby merely told Clement that she had given Mabel leave to write to her aunt, but nothing was decided on. Clement leaned back against the cushions of the railway carriage and mused. The day had been a disappointment. That was his predominant feeling. He had hoped, he scarcely knew what, from this little expedition; and now every thing looked very blank, very dreary.

Mabel stole quietly into the garret, already occupied by three tired little girls, and, lying down in her poor bed, cried herself to sleep in the darkness.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Humorous Master (*patronizingly*). "Patrick, you have done so well that I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

Witty Servant. "Thank your Honor; and may all *your* friends and acquaintance trate *you* as liberally!"

A sharp old gentleman traveling out West got a seat beside his wife in a crowded car, by requesting the young man who sat by her to "please watch that woman while he went into another car, as she had fits."

THE RETORT.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
  Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
  And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
  Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
  And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
  And simple Katie sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
  She slyly stole and fondly kissed him.
The husband's anger rose; and red
  And white his face alternate grew;
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
  "Oh dear! I didn't know 'twas you."

Elegant and Consequential Lady. "I won't go, except in a ladies' car; the regulations oblige you to have one, and you *shall*."

Accommodating Superintendent. "Certainly, ma'am, certainly. I'll order one immediately; but that baby in your arms can't go in it, ma'am. It must stay in the gentleman's car; it is a *male*."

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idea! Shure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

Our Better Halves.—Why do ladies prefer to lay wagers in gloves.—Because they like to have a hand in the betting.

A little girl in one of the public schools being asked, in the course of her geography lesson, what a waterfall was, replied, that it was "hair wrapped around her dad's old stocking."

In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays?—Straitened circumstances.

A young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were to happen, what would become of the women?" We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor *man*?

PEN-SIVE THOUGHTS.

Poet-laureates are royal *pen*sioners.
Great essayists claim to be stu*pen*dous.
Poor poets are apt to be *pen*urious.
Thoughtful authors write in *pen*sive strains.
Composers of stump orations aim at inde*pen*dence.
Witty and sarcastic writers are often pungently *pene*trating.

Why should fish always be the last course of a dinner?—Because they are the finnish by nature.

A genuine Fenian damsel, fresh from the green soil of her native land, seeing an advertisement to the effect that a chamber-maid was wanted at 72 —— Street, quickly donned her best bib and tucker, and made application at No. 27 of the same street, when the following dialogue occurred:

Lady of the House. "What's wanted?"

Girl. "You advertised for a chamber-maid."

Lady. "You must be mistaken; I do my own work."

Girl. "No, I am not; it was in the morning paper."

Lady. "Where did it say inquire?"

Girl. "At No. 72 —— Street."

Lady. "This is No. 27. No. 72 is further up the street."

Girl. "This may be 27 coming down the street; but I came up as I came here, and that makes it No. 72. You can't fool me, if I have just landed."

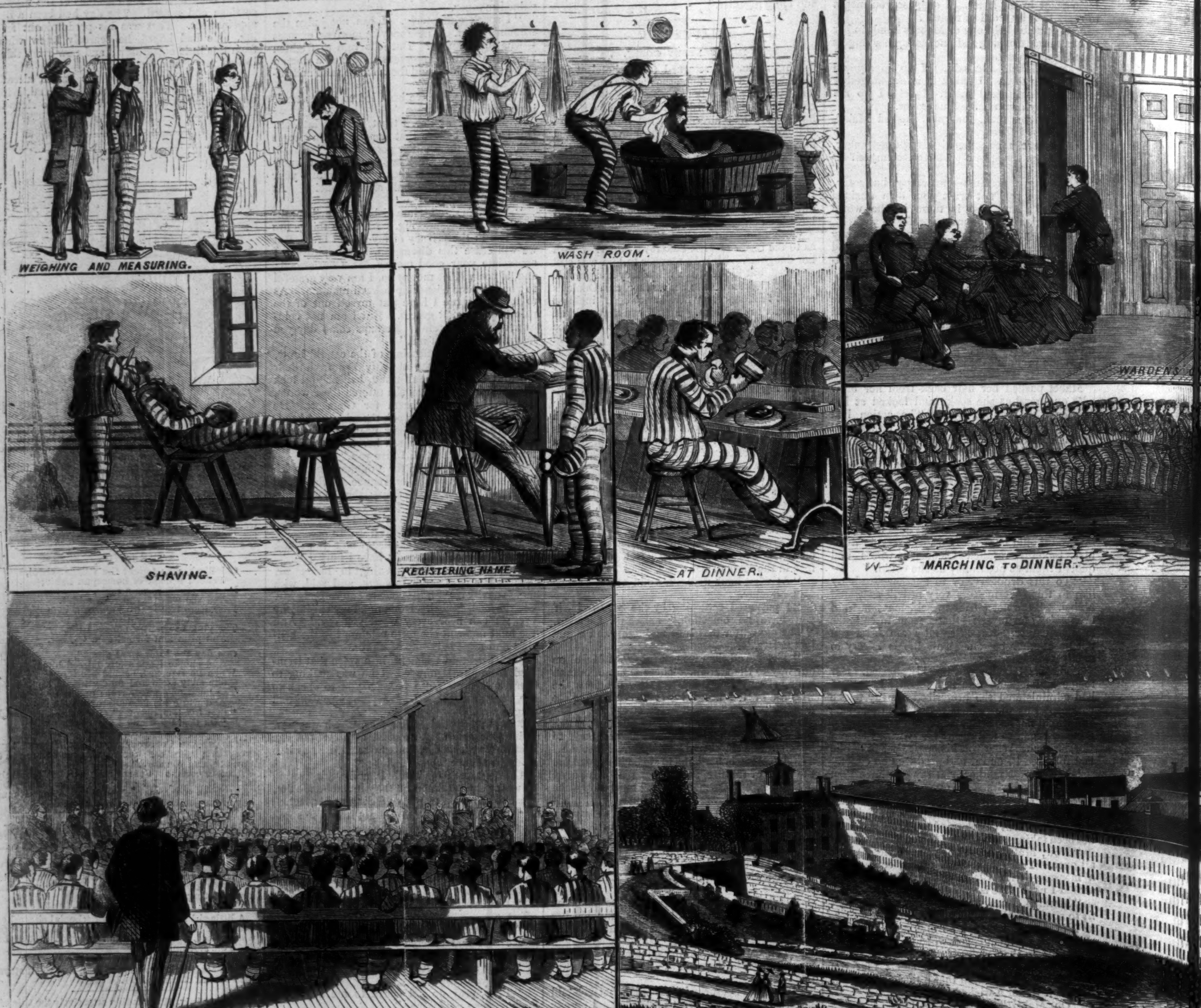
A clergyman gave the following toast, that was not very gallant, at a late firemen's celebration: "Our fire-engines—may they be like old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

"It is well to leave something to those who come after us," as the gentleman said who threw a barrel in the way of a policeman who was chasing him.

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just budded into breeches—"Charlie, my dear, come and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie; "I've got in some tobacco."

A gentleman being asked by a clergyman why he did not attend the evening prayer-meetings, said he could not leave the children. "Why! have you no servants?" "Yes," he replied, "we have two servants who keep the house and board us, but we are allowed few privileges."

A gentleman who had by a fall broken one of his ribs was mentioning the circumstance and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon who was present asked him if the injury he sustained was near the vertebræ. "No, Sir," replied he; "it was within a few yards of the court-house!"



WEIGHING AND MEASURING.

WASH ROOM.

WARDENS' O

SHAVING.

REGISTERING NAME.

AT DINNER.

MARCHING TO DINNER.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL.

VIEW OF

OVERSEER.

KEEPER PEGGING TIME.

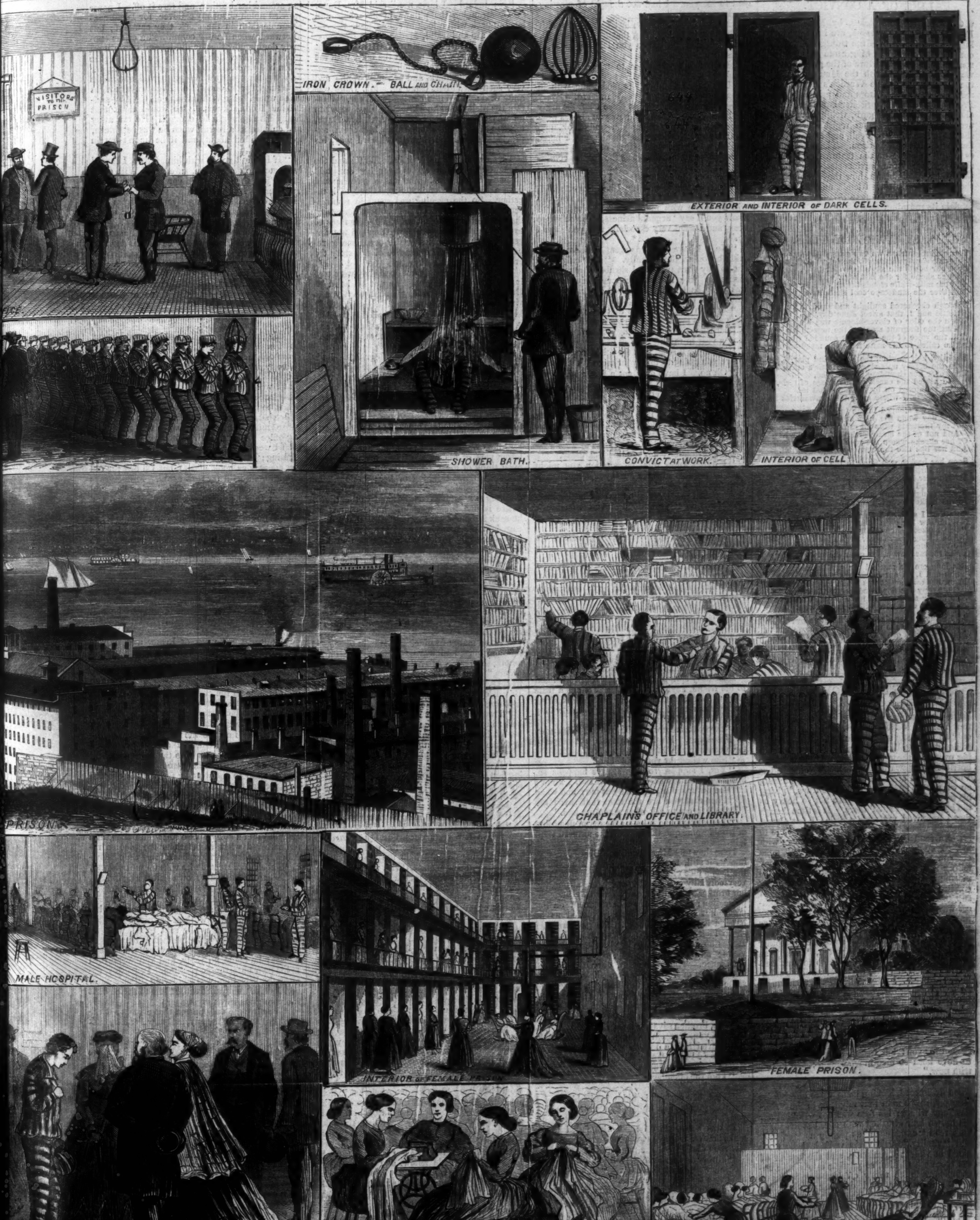
MAIN HALL

DEPARTURE

NURSERY.

INTERVIEW WITH FRIEN

THE LIFE OF A CONVICT AT SING SING PRISON, NEW


VISITORS TO THE PRISON
ICE.
IRON CROWN.—BALL AND CHAIN.
644
EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF DARK CELLS.
SHOWER BATH.
CONVICT AT WORK.
INTERIOR OF CELL
PRISON.
CHAPLAINS' OFFICE AND LIBRARY.
MALE HOSPITAL.
INTERIOR OF FEMALE PRISON.
FEMALE PRISON.
IENDS.
FEMALES AT WORK.
FEMALE HOSPITAL.

NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 394.]

LIFE OF A CONVICT.

Our interesting sketches, by Mr. Stanley Fox, on pages 392 and 393, are intended to illustrate the hard way of the transgressor who is compelled to take Sing Sing State Prison in his route. The central picture of the group is a fine view of the Prison, with the Hudson River in the back-ground. The Warden's Office is the reception-room for visitors and prisoners alike. From that room the prisoner is removed to be clothed in the prison garb, weighed and measured, washed, shaved, and registered. He or she is then assigned to a cell, and at once begins the routine life of the prison. The other sketches illustrate some of the features of this life, showing the way the convicts sleep and eat, how they spend the Sabbath, how they are punished, the meetings with their friends, and the final departure. Each sketch has a title which will fully explain its meaning.

IN STRAWBERRY TIME.

The garden-gate, as we two passed through,
  Swung slowly backward, then closed again;
Over our heads the sky's deep blue
  Purer shone for the last night's rain
And the milk-white clouds through the azure sailed,
And over the landscape cool shadows trailed.

Through checkered sunlight and shadow we went,
  Nettie and I, that sweet June day,
When the odor of clover-blooms was blent
  With the fragrant scent of the new-mown hay;
And the voice of the bobolink sounded clear,
As he called to his mate from the meadows near.

Half shy, half wanton, the light wind played,
  On the breezy uplands, with Hettie's curls,
That over her shoulders idly strayed,
  And kissed the cheek of this queen of girls,
As we sauntered on by the path that led
To the meadow where grew the strawberries red.

Together we stooped in the tall green grass
  That day when the June sun shone so fair;
But my thoughts were all of this village lass,
  And not of the strawberries growing there:
Of her cheeks where the rose its blushes shed,
And her lips like the berries so ripe and red.

Soon her basket was filled to the brim,
  When turning on me her great brown eyes,
From under her straw-hat's shadowy rim
  She darted a look of quick surprise:
For you might have counted the berries that lay
In the basket I carried that sweet June day.

"Hettie," I said, as I rose—and she
  Withdrew her gaze in a gentle alarm—
"One basket's enough for you and me;"
  And lifting hers, laden, across my arm,
We sauntered back by the path that led
From the meadow where grew the strawberries red.

But long ere we reached the garden-gate,
  She and I, on our homeward way,
From her own sweet lips I had learned my fate.
  Oh, happy the hour, and happy the day!
And happy my heart in its new-found bliss,
As I sealed each vow with a lover's kiss.

Ah! many a year since then has gone by;
  But whenever the month of June draws near,
And the clouds grow whiter that cross the sky,
  Or whenever the bobolink's voice I hear,
As the summer approaches her golden prime,
Comes the thought to me of that strawberry time.

RETALIATION.

"April snow and mud have conspired to baffle the attempts of spring, and the sunshine that from a pleasant window looks so genial is only an emphatic sneer at our credulity, I find," soliloquized a tall, angular man, who was marching over and through the mud and snow of the horrible road toward Camillus. "Not so bad as Virginia mud after all," he continued, pushing on with great strides; "and these traps," giving his traveling bag a swing, "are not so heavy as the luggage we 'toated' there. It is time though that I improved my style a little; I felt almost ashamed when the old gentleman urged me to let him send down his horse and carriage with me. I ought to have taken a buggy and gone out and back in a civilized manner, instead of taking this tramp; but the mud was hard this morning, and I felt like stirring instead of being coddled with a fur robe and cushioned seat. I suppose it was bred in the bone to take the roughest way in life, and that I shall never wear my fine coat gracefully. Here we are," he said, as he reached the first stretch of sidewalk; "and now let's see," passing his satchel to the other hand and pulling out his watch, "nearly an hour yet before train time. I'll go to that loafing institution and read the paper until the omnibus goes over. Pretty well covered with mud," he said, looking down to his rubbers, that were just visible through their brown exterior. "Never mind, it is free soil," giving his feet a heavy stamp that sent the sand flying over his light-colored pantaloons; "mighty free too, I take it," with a scowl at the result. "There's a gentleman for you! but I should have felt awkward to have been so nice much longer; I'm in fine trim now."

The men who were lounging in the bar-room when he entered, looking lazily up to observe the stranger, saw a man that might be in the "thirties" any where; his face was not wrinkled nor his brown hair streaked with age, but his sharp look read "experience" as plainly as "energy" and "vitality." His rapid walk had kept his blood in violent circulation, and the hot air of the room stifled him, so passing over to the unoccupied side he threw off his over-coat and opened a window, and drawing up a chair stretched out his length lazily, and was soon so absorbed in his paper that he took no notice of the other occupants of the room, nor of a new-comer whom they called "Bill," who joined the group shortly afterward, until Bill, glancing at him as he crossed the room for a chair, recognized him and exclaimed,

"Beardsley! by all that's true! How are you, Captain?"

"How are you, Dane? How are you?" returned Beardsley, springing to his feet and shaking heartily the hand held out to him. "I'm glad to see you. I had not thought of meeting you here, though."

"No, when I wrote you last I was West with my brother studying; but that all fell through, and I came home before you left the army, I guess."

"Why didn't you write to me? I've often wondered where you were."

"The fact is, Captain," replied Dane, with an embarrassed laugh, "I was ashamed to. Every thing I've undertaken to do since I left the army has been a failure; and I knew you always went through with every thing you undertook, and wouldn't appreciate my luck at all; and I hated to disappoint your expectations of me."

Beardsley smiled a little at the youth's consideration, but said,

"So your home is here? I believe I have heard before that it was, but I had forgotten."

"Yes, it is only a few miles out, and now you will go home with me. Yes," he pleaded, "I know you'll say 'urgent business,' but you are so near, and I want very especially that you should go."

"No. I have not any urgent business now," said the other, thoughtfully. "I've only been out to buy fruit trees and shrubs of a nursery-man near here, and my business being done I was going back to the city; but I *should* like to stop over a train with you."

"A train! It will take that time to get out through this mud. You'll stay a week."

Beardsley shook his head. "I never made so long a visit in my life."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, confidently. "Are you going to take your trees West?"

"Oh no. I have only got a few, with shrubs and plants, to set on my farm."

"Your farm! What now?"

"Oh, I've always calculated to be a farmer when I could get at it. I have ten very pretty acres near the city, and I intend to make a home on them, whether I live there or not."

"Are you married?"

"Unfortunately, no," smiled Beardsley.

"I didn't know what indiscretion you might have been guilty of since I left you," said Dane, with boyish gayety.

An hour passed, and the two sat chatting busily. Meantime the omnibus had driven away, and now returned from the dépôt nearly a mile distant.

"Is that the 'bus?" said Dane, starting up. "Whew! I had forgotten all about it. I ought to have gone over."

"What is it?" asked Beardsley.

"I promised to meet my sister at the dépôt this train. She's been to the city; but maybe she has come over in the 'bus." Beardsley followed him to the door. "No, she has not come, and it is of no use to go over now; she'd never wait until this time if the mud was twice as deep, and if I go one way she'll be sure to come the other. But here's the buggy," he added, moving forward with a limp to untie the horse; "you get in, and we'll make a show of going."

Beardsley sprang in and reached out his hand to his friend, saying, "Wooden legs are a little clumsy sometimes, aren't they? You get along with yours remarkably well, though. How long have you worn it?"

"Two years almost. There comes Ellen now, as I told you. It's her own fault, she ought to have come in the 'bus."

"She waited for you, probably."

"Yes, I suppose so. It always happens so, but it's no use to fret—she'll be vexed, I know; but she never scolds, especially at me; and when I tell her that you are the man that saved my life she'll forget to ask what made me late."

"You always had a happy faculty of disposing of troublesome questions," said the amused Captain.

Here they met Miss Dane, and Beardsley, saying, "Sit still, Dane," sprang out. He scanned the lady's face closely as she was introduced and very cordially expressed her pleasure at meeting her brother's friend. He saw only lady-like self-possession; no look of embarrassment on her part; but he looked a little perplexed as he handed her into the buggy. He gave another sharp look at her face as he resumed his seat. It was an older face than her brother's by some years; and different, though there was a resemblance. The same short, curved lip, showing a gleam of white teeth when she smiled—the same willful wave in the hair; but William Dane's face should have been the girl's, with its changing, varying expression, and hers the man's, from the quiet resolution in it.

"My brother says he owes all his good fortune to you, Captain Beardsley. I believe you have saved him a lecture on carelessness this time," said Miss Dane, interrupting his meditations with a lively smile.

"I am the offender this time; I made him forget you."

"Oh! his neglect is quite justifiable, and I have forgotten my indignation now, I assure you."

It was a two-story house, with faded blinds and paint worn gray, at which they stopped. A few rods distant was the pond and mill.

"Father is in the mill, Willie," said a pale-looking woman at the door. "You can leave the horse tied until he comes."

"Ceremony is quite unnecessary with Captain Beardsley. Father will be tired. So put the horse away yourself, Willie," said Ellen, as she turned to lead the way to the house.

"Mother, this is Captain Beardsley. Willie found him as he was about to leave town, and persuaded him to visit us."

"He did right; nobody could be more welcome. Willie has talked to us of you a great deal, Captain Beardsley."

"Your son and I were so long in the same company that we could not easily forget each other, Madam."

"No, indeed—I hope not," said Mrs. Dane, fussily arranging the pillows in her chair and leaning back with a look of exhaustion.

"You are an invalid, Madam?"

"I have been for nearly ten years. I might say I never was well," replied the lady, with the most approved of invalid smiles.

It was growing dark, and presently Willie, and very soon his father, came in. Mr. Dane was quite deaf; but Willie bawled in his ear, "Captain Beardsley, that knocked Harding down when he was going to shoot me." And Mr. Dane, not so old as his deafness made him seem, expressed, in rather a blunt, awkward way, his welcome.

That evening Mrs. Dane bade Willie and the Captain bring their chairs near her and talk about their army life. She was sure she should have a better idea of it if they talked of it together. So the evening was spent in reminiscences of camp and field, the two men forgetting that their elder, who sat watching their faces so eagerly, could not hear; but Ellen did not forget it—sitting by his side she occasionally repeated in his ear the substance of the story the others were laughing at.

"When ten o'clock came, and they were saying 'Good-night,' the old man put his hand on Beardsley's arm and said, "I shall want you to visit me in the mill to-morrow."

"I will. I should like to," replied Beardsley, a great deal louder than was necessary, and with gestures enough to make the words unnecessary.

"Father doesn't think of the flour-dust—he is so accustomed to it," said Ellen, apologetically.

Beardsley smiled grimly, and wondered what she thought of the mud on his clothes. "I can't make out what it means," he said, sitting down on the edge of his bed when he was in his room. "She can not have forgotten me. People don't forget ordinary acquaintances in ten years—ten? it is eleven—twelve years to be sure. I was a beardless youth then," passing his hand over the lower part of his face. "But my name—she must think of me. I never saw nor heard of a 'Dane' without thinking of her; besides," he said, commencing to prepare for bed—"besides, thinking of her numerous and sundry other times. There is one thing certain," he continued as he sank into the depths of the bed, "that I don't care how much or how little she remembers—only she ought to know who it was that kept Will from losing his promotion and out of the guard-house. I'll warrant now that the young scamp has never told that part of the story."

"I'm going to divide you into parts and parcels for the day, Captain," said Will, as Beardsley appeared the next morning.

"You might make subdivision, linear measure," was the reply, with a downward glance at his proportions.

"It is a matter of time. I have got to be gone this morning, and leave you to be distributed among the rest. After that you'll be under my orders," said Willie, linking his arm into his friend's, and passing out on the piazza. As Beardsley stood looking at Mr. Dane's work that morning the miller said:

"I wanted you out here because I can hear better in the mill. You wouldn't believe it maybe, but here people don't have to speak any louder to me than I do to them. Queer, isn't it?"

"Very strange, I should think."

"It was this constant noise that hurt my hearing first, and now it rather helps it. On the principle, I suppose, that 'the hair of the same dog cures the bite,'" said the old man, laughing.

Beardsley smiled at this conceit, saying,

"You have been a miller a great while?"

"Almost always, Sir. I gave it up and left the mill a few years once, but I had to come back. It is the best place for me. I used to think my boys would help me with it; but I guess they never will. Alwin, my oldest son, Sir, is in Minnesota, a practicing physician, and doing well too; but I'm afraid William never'll amount to much. We've tried hard to make something of him, but it doesn't seem of any use."

"Perhaps you've made too much of him," suggested Beardsley.

"Very likely—ver-y like-ly," nodding his head; "he was the baby, you know, and is only a grown-up baby now. I watched you talking last night, and wondered how the child ever attached himself to you. I should not judge that you was fond of pets."

"I am not usually, but Willie had a way of making us his friends in spite of ourselves."

"That's just it—just it," said the miller, with a gratified smile. "Now there isn't any need of my telling a man like you that has seen so much of him what his faults are; I know he has faults; his mother don't, but I do and so does Ellen. I think if any body could manage him it would be Ellen. She's the one Alwin has to thank for being what he is; Alwin and Ellen are twins, you know. They were always together, in play and study, only I think she was a little the quickest, brightest scholar. When they were away to school in the central part of the State, they met with a fellow by the name of Lantry, a mighty smart, smooth little fellow, and Ellen engaged to marry him. I believe Alwin said there had been an engagement between Ellen and another student there, at first, but Lantry had Alwin's heart, and cut the other out."

"What was the other one's name?" asked Beardsley, giving the old man a sharp look.

"I don't know; if I ever heard I've forgotten. He was a bookish Yankee, an awkward two-fisted fellow, so Alwin said. Well, Lantry came here, and finally went into a law office here in town, and for a time cut a great figure; but he nearly poisoned my boy's life, Sir. Ellen very soon saw through the fellow, however, and dismissed him, though Alwin clung to him until she finally led him to see the web Lantry was weaving around her brother, and tore it off. I never worried much about my children, for I had considerable faith in the stock they came of; but afterward, when Lantry committed a crime (nobody doubts now that he did it) and swore it on to his best friend, John Forsyth, we realized that Ellen had saved Alwin from a great danger, for he was getting pretty wild—pretty wild, and might have shared poor John's fate. I've always thought Ellen would bring Will through all right by-and-by, but I don't know. One would think that losing his leg might be enough. He ran away and enlisted as a recruit when he was seventeen, and was shifted about, and if he hadn't got in with you—"

"If I hadn't got in with him, father, I should have gone to destruction, sure," said Will, coming up just then. "I see you are grinding me over here. By-the-way, Captain, it *was* a special providence that brought you away from Missouri to take care of me, wasn't it? Or rather that consolidated me into your company?"

In the afternoon Will took his guest into the parlor. It was his turn now, he told his mother, who had been entertaining Beardsley with a synopsis of her physical and mental afflictions.

"I don't know what to do, Captain," whined Willie, speaking of business. "You know there are not many things a cripple can do; and I haven't education to fit me for business."

"I don't think it depends so much upon education as determination, Dane."

"Maybe it does not. I'm not like you, I know, but I *have* tried. Alwin thought I had better come out there; and I went and tried to stick to study until he got out of all patience because I couldn't keep my mind on it, and declared that I was a nuisance, and offered to pay my expenses home if I would leave. I don't think he meant to have me go, but I would not stay there after that, and came home; but not at *his* expense, mind you. Here I went into the printing-office and did their drudgery two weeks; then I went into a grocery and tried to do their running; then I took a horse and went about the country as book agent; but I'll beg for old clothes before I'll try that again. Mother says it's a judgment on me for disobeying her, and father thinks I might work in the mill, and Ell' only says, 'Now do try, Willie,' but I know she thinks I might do something if I would; she talks a great deal about 'perseverance.' She went up to the city to see about my going to commercial college, but she had the kindness to say that she was afraid it would be a waste of time and money for *me* to go. Father and Ellen have no sympathy with me; they think I might do any sort of work, whether I have any taste for it or not. Mother knows better; she knows that I am not—" he colored a little as he met Beardsley's inquiring look. "Well, I think there is a difference in people," he persisted. "I could not endure some ways of living, and mother knows I could not; but then *she's* always wanted me to study for the ministry. Just to think of it!"

Beardsley laughed. An amused smile had been lurking in the corners of his blue eyes and hidden under his brown mustache, as he listened to Willie's pathetic story. Now it came forth, a clear ringing laugh, in which Willie gayly joined.

"You can imagine me as chaplain, holding forth, to a sleepy extent, on the sin of profanity."

Just then Ellen came in to the room with a bit of fine embroidery in her hand. As Beardsley drew a chair to the window for her his eye fell on a picture near the door, and he turned to examine it. It was an oil-painting of blue water, and rocks, and sky; a school-girl daub, the worst of three hanging there. A sidelong glance toward Ellen detected a look, a scarlet blush, and told him a story. She knew him then, and remembered what associations the picture recalled, and thus learning that all this time knowing him she had treated him with undue coldness, his features assumed a frown and stern gaze.

"Your work, Miss Dane," he said, with a deferential smile, resuming his seat.

"Nothing that I am proud of. I prize it because it was my first work at painting."

"Her best pictures she sent to Al, when he went to housekeeping," explained Will.

Evidently Captain Beardsley had little taste for art; he made no reply, and Willie returned to his own unfortunate position. Beardsley, apparently listening, was observing Ellen's face. Her look of annoyance caused him to notice what the young man was saying.

"You are the only person that ever could understand and help me any, and now I want to ask your advice."

"Mine? I am afraid you had better not. You have forgotten the scoldings I used to give you."

"No. I remember their salutary effect, though. You was a little rough on a fellow sometimes."

"Well, then, will you be arbitrator if we quarrel, Miss Dane?"

"I will try," she said, with a smile.

"Then, Dane, I shall commence by asserting that if a man succeeds in life he has himself to thank; if he fails, he has himself to blame. Mind, I don't call a legacy from a defunct relative, nor a prize-ticket in oil stock, success. Neither do I think a very moderate income is a sign of failure always; but this is true, as we are just to ourselves the world will be just to us."

"It has been with you, Captain, I know."

"It has been to *you*, Dane. So long as you considered it a bore to be up to time in drill, and let your health excuse you from guard duty, the boys called you 'cosset.' But when, as I always believed you would, you turned out as brave a fighter as there was in the company, they all voted for your promotion. I am not discouraged with you; when you have really made up your mind that you *will* do something I shall expect to see you do it; you will not lack ability nor opportunity."

"But, Captain, you never had every thing go against you—"

"I can remember when I *thought* I had."

"What, you? How was it?"

Beardsley shook his head. "Don't flatter me into telling tedious stories. Have compassion on your sister; she isn't inured to camp yarns."

"I hope Captain Beardsley will not exempt me now. I desire some experience of them."

Beardsley hesitated a moment. Willie's face was turned eagerly toward him. He looked at Ellen; her eyes had met his so coolly as she spoke now, she seemed, he thought, industriously unconscious of him; and the thought produced a curl of contempt of his lip.

"It is not any thing startling," he began, hurriedly, moving his chair so as to look directly in Ellen's face, "and I'll try not to make it long. I will omit the first chapter, relating to the hero's childhood, merely saying, poetically, that if the sky over those mountains was bluer than his eyes, their snow was scarcely whiter than his hair. Chapter second is an elaborate introduction to an overgrown Yankee, painfully conscious of himself as he emerges from his native State in search of education, employment—something to consume his surcharge of vitality. I will only give you chapter third, which finds me at school—a new institution, whose inducement to poor boys was, that it offered work as well as instruction. At the end of the first term, in spite of my big fists and ungainly length, I had acquired considerable popularity—the popularity of an intensely 'one-idead man' where that idea is inculcated. After one term I left school, to work and teach, with my text-book in my pocket. In the winter I returned to my own classes. I told you that the school was a modern affair, advocating all the discoveries of the nineteenth century; there were lady students there, and consequently I met with a misfortune—I fell in love. Perhaps that could not technically be termed a misfortune. No, I'll call it the climax of prosperity, which, you know, is quite as much to be feared.

"You would not consider me sentimental; but I can assure you that auburn curls and hazel eyes were constantly coming between me and my book. It was only by sheer force that I chained my mind to groveling lessons, so easy it was to soar away to sublime heights." Willie laughed. "Am I making it ridiculous? I did not mean to. I was dreadfully in earnest then. It was no infant sprinkling, but a genuine immersion that washed away all thoughts not dedicated to my idol. Do not think I was dolt enough to tender my heart gratuitously; I felt that it was a beggerly return for the one I obtained. I believe now that I had a lease of that province. You might have wondered at it, for I was not extremely fascinating in appearance; but I was a good scholar, and had made me a place to stand in—a fair position. She came there a stranger. I was her first friend; and for a great deal of what she called kindness—I termed it pleasure—she was grateful to me.

"That term seems yet an island in my life—an island of exotics. The next term was not quite so felicitous. A new student came and interposed his pretty face; and—I won't call names—he came between us. Otherwise fortune was kind to me. An under-teacher had gone away, and I was given his classes; but this rasping jealousy spoiled every thing. I did not let it make me unjust to her. Half a dozen of her mates were contesting for the hero's notice; no wonder that the fairest should win.

"So as long as occasionally we sat together, or I walked by her side, and could touch the little hand on my arm, I never, by word or act, betrayed my uneasiness. Even when I knew what rumor said, that she had jilted me, I accepted her reproachful denial as my troth.

"If you had known us all you would have understood why I could not contend with a rival like—suppose we call him Lawson. It would have been as easy for him to affect a knowledge of the sciences as for me to assume his arts. The whole term passed before my sentence was read. It was a holiday, devoted to festooning the chapel for Commencement exercises. I had grown used to indifference and neglect, but that day her slights became open rudeness; that day I saw the ring I had given her, in token of promises exchanged, jingling with the trifles on his watch-chain, while another, a gewgaw he had worn, was in its place on her finger. If I had intruded my claims or imposed my society upon her I might have felt that the treatment was deserved; but I had not. It would not have been easy for me to have loosened myself from a promise, I would not suspect her capable of it.

"That day's experience, however, illuminated my vision. I repaired to my room in a highly tragical state of mind, and after enacting the *rôle* of the desperate, with all the variations of clenched hands, disheveled hair, curses, groans, and rapid strides, I sat down and wrote what I now believe was a very sensible note, expressing a desire to understand my position in relation to her, and requesting an interview. Toward the last I think sentiment predominated, and I protested my unaltered, undying—all that sort of thing.

"I was waited upon soon after by a gentleman, a relative of hers, commissioned to say, that Miss—call her Alice, though that wasn't her name—released me from all promises given her. He was accompanied by—by who did I say?—oh! yes, by Lawson, who with an attempt at polite insolence informed me that, as Miss Alice was now engaged to him, she had no further use for my ring. Then, in my anger, I only felt the sting; but after Commencement exercises were over, and I had noted her averted face for the last time, and we had gone our separate ways, I felt the hurt. Necessity compelled me to go to work again, but that did not occur to me as a hardship, for the place was hateful to me then. Just then I considered my trial a peculiar, an exceptional one; by no means an ordinary affliction. I took my calamity with me when I went West, and nursed and fed it until winter, when it was encouraged to a lively growth by another event; the house containing my trunk, books, and nearly all my clothes, was burned, making me still poorer. I think I contemplated myself, as the victim of the world's abuse, with surly satisfaction. I don't know but I might have become as misanthropic as a cheap-novel hero, if I had had leisure to cultivate my talent for it, but passing through Chicago in the spring I had my pockets picked of my remaining wealth, and found myself obliged to expend my force in a more practical way. I have never resumed my stilts since then. I know they make one loom up frightfully, and take desperate strides, but I consider them an impediment to locomotion after all."

"Go on, Captain; don't stop there, I want to hear the rest," said Will.

"That's about all; I went to work with a company of civil engineers on a railroad route. I carried the chain at first, but I deserved a better place and soon got it. Afterward I took the engineering of another route, and finally invested in stock and lands there, so that when I went to the war I employed an agent instead of a substitute. But the moral of my story is—"

"Oh never mind the moral; what became of the girl? Did you ever pay her off?"

"No. It was years before I saw her again. When I really went to work I found the oil and wine of conceit very soothing to my lacerated affections. I began to think of her with commiseration, satisfied that the result of her choice would be retaliation enough. Of course I did not apprehend any good of Lawson. After a time I could afford to smile at my own weakness, and hope that she was as happy as people average. I never happened to hear from them until I went into the army; there I accidentally learned that they had never married. In the spring of 1864 I went to Chicago on furlough, and had the pleasure—it was hardly a pleasure, though—of riding in the next seat to Lawson half the night. He came on with a body-guard of two or three soldiers. I was not told his new rank, but I guess it was 'deserter.'

"Since then I have happened almost as unexpectedly to meet Alice. These years that have changed us all have probably brought her trials too, but looking into her face again I could not think they had been unkind to her."

"Aha, Captain!" exclaimed Will, "I begin to understand at last. Quite romantic, to be sure!"

"Understand what?" said Beardsley, sharply, with a surprised look, while Ellen, who, but for her varying color, during the recital might have been a stitching automaton, gave a quick start and sprang up.

"I understand what this *farming* means. I'll finish the story. Lovers meet, mutual confessions and explanations, they kiss and make up, and arrange; he builds a cottage to spend the honey-moon in. Good!" shaking Beardsley's hand violently. "Good!"

Beardsley involuntarily looked toward Ellen and met her look—it might have been of anger, or a despairing appeal, it was only a flash, that her quivering lip made emphatic.

"No, no, Dane. I am sorry to say that you are not right; so far from it, we met as strangers, and I confess, would you believe it, Miss Ellen, I was at a loss to know whether it was dislike or caprice that made her so entirely ignore our former acquaintance. But I was piqued, and for the first time entertained an idea of a little revenge. Exactly what it will be I can not tell; so now my story is really done."

Ellen had listened with curious emotions; at first her cheeks had flushed with shame, remembering the wrong she had not half realized then, but had so bitterly repented since. Then she thought of her letter, written in humiliation and thankfulness; it would have cost a great deal of pride, only pride had no place in her heart; and he, after scorning to notice her acknowledgment, was "at loss" because she did not again refer to their former acquaintance, and talked of "revenge." A sense of the injustice of this made her voice steady as she said, "'Confession and remission of sins' is not incorporated in Captain Beardsley's creed."

Beardsley hesitated with a puzzled expression. Ellen's eyes had the same electric power in them still, for he felt his blood thrill as in years agone.

"You think 'forget and forgive' more Christian than revenge?"

That was not what Ellen meant at all, as her quick gesture protested.

"I wouldn't give much for *your* revenge, Captain," yawned Will. "Don't you want to be beaten at a game of chess?"

In the evening the chess-board was put by, and the father and mother joined the circle, and Beardsley said to them:

"We have been talking of it, Willie and I, and have this proposition to submit for his parents' and sister's approval. Willie tells me that Wilbur, who owns the news-room near the central dépôt, offers to sell. I should like to buy it, if I can have a partner to do most of the work, and Willie is the man to do. What do you all say?"

He received Mrs. Dane's languid approval, and Mr. Dane's hearty approbation, and looked toward Ellen. She spoke very earnestly, but with an effort.

"Willie has always called you his good genius, and has imparted his faith to us, I believe."

Her earnestness had an undue effect, for it brought to his mind the uneasy reflection that *she* might have mistaken the motives which prompted him to the act.

"As usual," he said, scowling at himself in the glass that night. "I have canceled my good intentions by allowing myself to be provoked to that miserable rehearsal. I knew I should be ashamed of it. I'll do the best I can for the boy, on his own account, but I'll keep away from his folks after this."

This resolution made him resist the invitations to prolong his visit, and the next morning he bade them good-by; hardly knowing, as he took Ellen's proffered hand, whether he was glad or sorry that they had met.

A little management and a great deal of plain practical advice helped Willie to persevere until he had reason to be proud of his success; but neither his urgent entreaties nor the messages brought from home could induce Beardsley to make another visit. At last October came, bringing Beardsley a call from the West. He should be gone several months. Willie would have found that he could succeed alone; there would be less obligation and more friendship when he came back, he thought. So one morning he sent his adieus to Ellen, and bade Willie "good-by," saying he was to take the steamboat at Buffalo, but didn't.

When Will bolted into the parlor, on his return home that evening, he was surprised to find his friend sitting on the sofa with Ellen. His entrance, and their sudden unclasping of hands, was a little confusing, until Will, with a very shocked expression, demanded what it meant, enlarging somewhat upon his own pain at such a discovery. Ellen told him to sit down and hear her explanation:

"Several years ago," she began, "I was a schoolmate of Captain Beardsley's. He not knowing how trifling, how unworthy I was, loved me a great deal better than I deserved or realized. With my best thoughts and feelings I returned his affection, and never meant to wrong him; but by vanity and flattery and the rivalry of others as giddy as myself, I became entangled in another engagement—one that I made with no idea of keeping it; but finally, because it was stronger than my courage or truth, I broke my promise to Mr. Beardsley. This act and its punishment were long past when you, Willie, incurred a debt of gratitude. When I knew it was the Mr. Beardsley I had known, I sent, inclosed to you, a letter to him; not of apology, of confession rather, but more of gratitude. I don't know what I expected, but when no letter or word came I was disappointed, for I had written very earnestly, and felt that my letter had been an intrusion. Yesterday I cleared your desk by accident and found the lamented letter, with the seal yet unbroken, among my letters to you."

"As true as I live!" said Will, starting to his feet. "Now, Ellen— You see, Captain, it came when you was gone, and I put it back in the letter, thinking that our folks had been sufficiently thankful, but I'd hand it to you when you came; and I hadn't thought of it since. I sent my letters home when we marched, and if Ellen had looked them over she'd have found it before."

"I found it in time to send it with explanations to Captain Beardsley, *by mail*, but only after he had wreaked his threatened revenge."

"Revenge?" said Will, "I can't see how he has been revenged."

"Nor I," said Beardsley, clasping again the little hand; "but I shall be yet."

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

CHAPTER III.

ARCADIA.

Nov. 1. This is Huxter's Cross, and I live here. I have lived here a week. I should like to live here forever. Oh, let me be rational for a few hours, while I write the record of this last blissful week; let me be reasonable, and business-like, and Sheldon-like for this one wet afternoon, and then I may be happy and foolish again. Be still, beating heart! as the heroines of Minerva-press romances were accustomed to say to themselves on the smallest provocation. Be still, foolish, fluttering, school-boy heart, which has taken a new lease of youth and folly from a fair landlord called Charlotte Halliday.

Drip, drip, drip, O rain! "The day is dark and cold and dreary, and the vine still clings to the mouldering wall; and with every gust the dead leaves fall:" but thy sweet sad verse wakes no responsive echo in my heart, O tender Transatlantic poet, for my heart is light and glad—recklessly glad—heedless of to-morrow—forgetful of yesterday—full to the very brim with the dear delight of to-day.

And now to business. I descend from the supernal realms of fancy to the dry record of commonplace fact. This day week I arrived at Hidling, after a tedious journey, which, with stoppages at Derby and Normanton, and small delays at obscurer stations, had occupied the greater part of the day. It was dusk when I took my place in the hybrid vehicle, half coach half omnibus, which was to convey me from Hidling to Huxter's Cross. A transient glimpse at Hidling showed me one long straggling street and a square church-tower. Our road branched off from the straggling street, and in the autumn dusk I could just discover the dim outlines of distant hills encircling a broad waste of moor.

I have been so steeped in London that this wild barren scene had a charm for me which it could scarcely possess for others. Even the gloom of that dark waste of common land was pleasant to me. I shared the public vehicle with one old woman, who snored peacefully in the remotest corner, while I looked out at the little open window and watched the darkening landscape.

Our drive occupied some hours. We passed two or three little clusters of cottages and homesteads, where the geese screamed and the cocks crowed at our approach, and where a few twinkling tapers in upper windows proclaimed the hour of bedtime. At one of these clusters of habitation, a little island of humanity in the waste of wold and moor, we changed horses, with more yo-oh-ing and come-up-ing than would have attended the operation in a civilized country. At this village I heard the native tongue for the first time in all its purity; and for any meaning which it conveyed to my ear I might as well have been listening to the patois of agricultural Carthage.

After changing horses we went up hill, with perpetual groanings, and grumblings, and grindings, and whip-smacking, and come-up-ing, for an indefinite period; and then we came to a cluster of cottages, suspended high up in the sharp autumn atmosphere as it seemed to me; and the driver of the vehicle came to my little peep-hole of a window, and told me with some slight modification of the Carthaginian patois that I was "there."

I alighted and found myself at the door of a village inn, with the red light from within shining out upon me where I stood, and a battered old sign groaning and creaking above my head. For me, who in all my life had been accustomed to find my warmest welcome at an inn, this was to be at home. I paid my fare, took up my carpet-bag, and entered the hostelry.

I found a rosy-faced landlady, clean and trim, though a trifle floury as to the arms and apron. She had emerged from a kitchen, an old-fashioned chamber with a floor of red brick; a chamber which was all in a rosy glow with the fire-light, and looked like a Dutch picture, as I peeped at it through the open doorway. There were the most picturesque of cakes and loaves heaped on a wooden bench by the hearth, and the whole aspect of the place was delicious in its homely comfort.

"Oh," I said to myself, "how much better the northern winds blowing over these untrodden hills, and the odor of home-made loaves, than the booming bells of St. Dunstan's, and the greasy steam of tavern chops and steaks!"

My heart warmed to this Yorkshire and these Yorkshire people. Was it for Charlotte's sake, I wonder, that I was so ready to open my heart to every body and every thing in this unknown land?

A very brief parley set me quite at ease with my landlady. Even the Carthaginian patois became intelligible to me after a little experience. I found that I could have a cozy, cleanly chamber, and be fed and cared for upon terms that seemed absurdly small, even to a person of my limited means. My cordial hostess brought me a meal which was positively luxurious: broiled ham and poached eggs, such as one scarcely hopes to see out of a picture of still-life; crisp brown cakes fresh from that wonderful oven whose door I had seen yawning open in the Flemish interior below; strong tea and cream—the cream that one reads of in pastoral stories.

I enjoyed my banquet, and then opened my window and looked out at the still landscape, dimly visible in the faint starlight.

I was at the top of a hill—the topmost of an ascending range of hills—and to some minds that alone is rapture; to inhale the fresh night air was to drink deeply of an ethereal beverage. I had never experienced so delicious a sensation since I had stood on the grassy battlements of the Chateau d'Argues, with the orchards and gardens of sunny Normandy spread like a carpet below my feet.

But this hill was loftier than that on which the feudal castle rears its crumbling towers, and the landscape below me was wilder than that verdant Norman *paysage*.

No words can tell how I rejoiced in this untrodden region—this severance from the Strand and Temple Bar. I felt as if my old life was falling away from me—like the scales of the lepers that were cleansed by the Divine Healer. I felt myself worthier to love, or even to be loved by, the bright, true-hearted girl whose image fills my heart. Ah, if Heaven gave me that dear angel, I think my old life, my old recklessness, my old want of principle, would drop away from me altogether, and the leper would stand forth cleansed and whole. Could I not be happy with her here, among these forgotten hills, these widely scattered homesteads? Could I not be happy dissevered eternally from billiard-room and kursaal, race-ground and dancing-rooms? Yes, completely and unreservedly happy—happy as a village curate with seventy pounds a year and a cast-off coat, supplied by the charity of a land too poor to pay its pastors the wage of a decent butler—happy as a struggling farmer, though the clay soil of my scanty acres were never so sour and stubborn, my landlord never so hard about his rent—happy as a peddler, with my pack of cheap tawdry wares slung behind me, and my Charlotte tramping gayly by my side.

I breakfasted next morning in a snug little parlor behind the bar, where I overheard two carters conversing in the Carthaginian patois, to which I became hourly more accustomed. My brisk, cheery landlady came in and out while I took my meal; and whenever I could detain her long enough I tried to engage her in conversation.

I asked her if she had ever heard the name of Meynell; and after profound consideration she replied in the negative.

"I don't mind hearing aught of folks called Meynell," she said, with more or less of the patois, which I was beginning to understand; "but I haven't mooch memory for nee-ams. I might have heard o' such folks, and not minded t' nee-am."

This was rather dispiriting; but I knew that if any record of Christian Meynell's daughter existed at Huxter's Cross, it was in my power to discover it.

I asked if there was any official in the way of a registrar to be found in the village; and found that there was no one more important than an old man who kept the keys of the church. The registers were kept in the vestry, my landlady believed, and the old man was called Jonas Gorles, and lived half a mile off, at the homestead of his son-in-law. But my landlady said she would send for him immediately, and pledged herself to produce him in the course of an hour.

I told her that I would find my way to the church-yard in the mean time, whither Mr. Gorles could follow me as soon as convenient.

The autumnal morning was fresh and bright as spring, and Huxter's Cross seemed the most delightful place on earth to me, though it is only a cluster of cottages, relieved by one farm-house of moderate pretensions, my hostelry of the Magpie, a general shop, which is also the post-office, and a fine old Norman church, which lies away from the village, and bears upon it the traces of better days. Near the church is an old granite cross, around which the wild flowers and grasses grow rank and high. It marks the spot where there was once a flourishing market-place; but all mortal habitations have vanished, and the Huxter's Cross of the past has now no other memorial than this crumbling stone.

The church-yard was unutterably still and solitary. A robin was perched on the topmost bar of the old wooden gate, singing his joyous carol. As I approached he hopped from the gate to the low moss-grown wall, and went on singing as I passed him. I was in the humor to apostrophize sky-lark or donkey, or to be sentimental about any thing in creation, just then; so I told my robin what a pretty creature he was, and that I would sooner perish than hurt him by so much as the tip of a feather.

Being bound to remember my Sheldon even when most sentimental, I endeavored to combine the meditative mood of a Hervey with the business-like sharpness of a lawyer's-clerk; and while musing on the common lot of man in general, I did not omit to search the mouldering tombstones for some record of the Meynells in particular.

I found none; and yet, if the daughter of Christian Meynell had been buried in that church-yard, the name of her father would surely have been inscribed upon her tombstone. I had read all the epitaphs, when the wooden gate creaked on its hinges, and admitted a wizen little old man—one of those ancient meanderers who seem to have been created on purpose to fill the post of sexton.

With this elderly individual I entered the church of Huxter's Cross, which had the same mouldy atmosphere as the church at Spotswold. The vestry was an icy little chamber, which had once been a family vault; but it was not much colder than Miss Judson's best parlor; and I endured the cold bravely while I searched the registries of the last sixty years.

I searched in vain. After groping among the names of all the nonentities who had been married at Huxter's Cross since the beginning of the century, I found myself no nearer the secret of Charlotte Meynell's marriage. And then I reflected upon all the uncertainties surrounding that marriage. Miss Meynell had gone to Yorkshire to visit her mother's relations, and had married in Yorkshire; and the place which Anthony Sparsfield remembered having heard of in connection with that marriage was Huxter's Cross. But it did not by any means follow that the marriage had taken place at that obscure village. Miss Meynell might have been married at Hull, or York, or Leeds, or at any of the principal places of the country. With that citizen class of people marriage was a grand event, a solemn festivity; and Miss Meynell and her friends would have been likely to prefer that so festive an occasion should be celebrated any where rather than at that forgotten old church among the hills.

"I shall have to search every register in Yorkshire till I light upon the record I want," I thought to myself, "unless Sheldon will consent to advertise for the Meynell marriage certificate. There could scarcely be danger in such an advertisement, as the connection between the name of Meynell and the Haygarth estate is only known to ourselves."

Acting upon this idea I wrote to George Sheldon by that afternoon's post, urging him to advertise for descendants of Miss Charlotte Meynell.

Charlotte! dear name, which is a kind of music for me. It was almost a pleasure to write that letter, because of the repetition of that delightful noun.

The next day I devoted to a drive round the neighborhood in a smart little dogcart, hired on very moderate terms from mine host. I had acquainted myself with the geography of the surrounding country; and I contrived to visit every village church within a certain radius of Huxter's Cross. But my inspection of mildewed old books, and my heroic endurance of cold and damp in mouldy old churches, resulted in nothing but disappointment.

I returned to my "Magpie" after dark, a little disheartened and thoroughly tired, but still very well pleased with my rustic quarters and my adopted county. My landlord's horse had shown himself a very model of equine perfection.

Candles were lighted and curtains drawn in my cozy little chamber, and the table creaked beneath one of those luxurious Yorkshire teas which might wean an alderman from the coarser delights of turtle or conger-eel soup and venison.

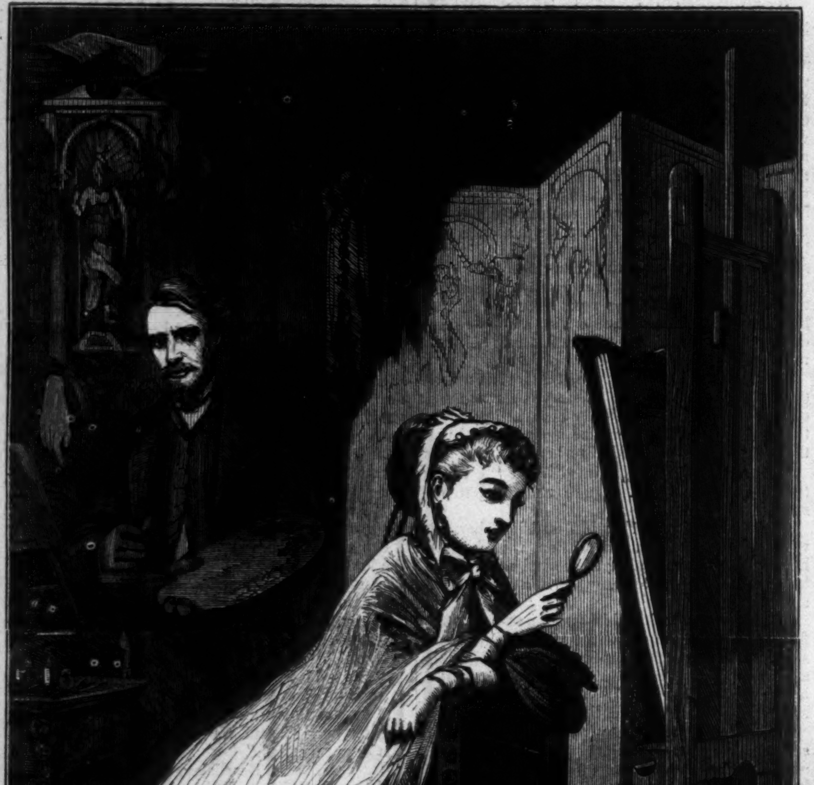
At noon the following day a very primitive kind of postman brought me a letter from Sheldon. That astute individual told me that he declined to advertise, or to give any kind of publicity to his requirements.

"If I were not afraid of publicity I should not be obliged to pay you a pound a week"—he remarked, with pleasing candor—"since advertisements would get me more information in a week than you may scrape together in a twelvemonth. But I happen to know the danger of publicity, and that many a good thing has been snatched out of a man's hands just as he was working it into shape. I don't say that this could be done in my case; and you know very well that it could not be done, as I hold papers which are essential to the very first move in the business."

I perfectly understand the meaning of these remarks, and I am inclined to doubt the existence of those important papers. Suspicion is a fundamental principle in the Sheldon mind. My friend George trusts me because he is obliged to trust me—and only so far as he is obliged—and is tormented more or less by the idea that I may at any moment attempt to steal a march upon him.

But to return to his letter.

"I should recommend you to examine the registries of every town or village within, say, thirty miles of Huxter's Cross. If you find nothing in such registries we must fall back upon the larger towns, beginning with Hull, as being nearest to our starting-point. The work will, I fear, be slow, and very expensive for me. I need scarcely again urge upon you the necessity of confining your outlay to the minimum, as you know that my affairs are desperate. It couldn't well be lower water than it is with me, in a pecuniary sense and I expect every day to find myself aground.



THE ART CRITIC.

"And now for my news. I have discovered the burial-place of Samuel Meynell, after no end of trouble, the details of which I needn't bore you with, since you are now pretty well up in that sort of work. I am thankful to say I have secured the evidence that settles for Samuel, and ascertained by tradition that he died unmarried. The *onus probandi* would fall upon any one purporting to be descended from the said Samuel, and we know how uncommonly difficult said person would find it to prove any thing.

"So, having disposed of Samuel, I came back to London by the next mail; Calais in the month of November not being one of those wildly gay watering-places which tempt the idler. I arrived just in time to catch this afternoon's post; and now I look impatiently to your Miss Charlotte Meynell of Huxter's Cross.—Yours, etc. G. S."

I obeyed my employer to the letter; hired my landlord's dogcart for another day's exploration; and went further afield in search of Miss Charlotte's marriage-lines. I came home late at night—this time thoroughly worn out—studied a railway-guide with a view to my departure, and decided on starting for Hull by a train that would leave Hidling station at four o'clock on the following afternoon.

I went to bed tired in body and depressed in spirit. Why was I so sorry to leave Huxter's Cross? What subtle instinct of the brain or heart made me aware that the desert region among the hills held earth's highest felicity for me?

The next morning was bright and clear. I heard the guns of sportsmen popping merrily in the still air as I breakfasted before an open window, while a noble sea-coal fire blazed on the hearth opposite me. There is no stint of fuel at the Magpie. Every thing in Yorkshire seems to be done with a lavish hand. I have heard Yorkshiremen called mean. As if meanness could exist in the hearts of my Charlotte's countrymen! My own experience of the county is brief; but I can only say that my friends of the Magpie are liberality itself, and that a Yorkshire tea is the very acme of unsophisticated bliss in the way of eating and drinking. I have dined at Philippe's; I know every dish in the *menu* of the Maison Dorée; but if I am to make my life a burden beneath the dark sway of the demon dyspepsia, let my destruction arrive in the shape of the ham and eggs, the crisp golden brown cakes and undefiled honey, of this northern Arcadia.

I told my friendly hostess that I was going to leave her, and she was sorry. She was sorry for me, the wanderer. I can picture to myself the countenance of a London landlady if informed thus suddenly of her lodger's departure, and her suppressed mutterings about the ill-convenience of such a proceeding.

After breakfast I went out to take my own pleasure. I had done my duty in the matter of mouldy churches and mildewed registries; and I considered myself entitled to a holiday during the few hours that must elapse before the starting of the hybrid vehicle for Hidling.

I sauntered past the little cluster of cottages, admiring their primitive aspect, the stone-crop on the red-tiled roofs, that had sunk under the weight of years. All was unspeakably fresh and bright; the tiny panes of the casements twinkled in the autumn sunlight, birds sang, and hardy red geraniums bloomed in the cottage windows. What pleasure or distraction had the good housewives of Huxter's Cross to lure them from the domestic delights of scrubbing and polishing? I saw young faces peeping at me from between snow-white muslin curtains, and felt that I was a personage for once in my life; and it was pleasant to feel one's self of some importance even in the eyes of Huxter's Cross.

Beyond the cottages and the post-office there were three roads stretching far away over hill and moorland. With two of those roads I had made myself thoroughly familiar; but the third remained to be explored.

"So now for 'fresh fields and pastures new,'" I said to myself as I quickened my pace, and walked briskly along my unknown road.

Ah, surely there is some meaning in the fluctuations of the mental barometer! What but an instinctive consciousness of approaching happiness could have made me so light-hearted that morning? I sang as I hastened along that undiscovered road. Fragments of old Italian serenades and barcarolles came back to me as if I had heard them yesterday for the first time. The perfume of the few lingering wild flowers, the odor of burning weeds in the distance, the fresh autumn breeze, the clear cold blue sky—all were intensely delicious to me; and I felt as if this one lovely walk were a kind of renovating process, from which my soul would emerge cleansed of all its stains.

"I have to thank George Sheldon for a great deal," I said to myself, "since through him I have been obliged to educate myself in the school of man's best schoolmaster, Solitude. I do not think I can ever be a thorough Bohemian again. These lonely wanderings have led me to discover a vein of seriousness in my nature which I was ignorant of until now. How thoroughly some men are the creatures of their surroundings! With Paget I have been a Paget. But a few hours' *tête-à-tête* with Nature renders one averse from the society of Pagets, be they never so brilliant."

From moralizing thus I fell into a delicious day-dream. All my dreams of late had moved to the same music. How happy I could be if Fate gave me Charlotte and three hundred a year! In sober moods I asked for this much of worldly wealth, just to furnish a nest for my bird. In my wilder moments I asked Fate for nothing but Charlotte.

"Give me the bird without the nest," I cried to Fortune; "and we will take wing to some trackless forest where there are shelter and berries for nestless birds. We will imitate that delightful bride and bridegroom of Parisian Bohemia, who married and settled in an attic, and when their stock of fuel was gone fell foul of the staircase that led to their bower, and so supplied themselves merrily enough till the staircase was all consumed, and the poor little bride, peeping out of her door one morning, found herself upon the verge of an abyss.

And then came the furious landlord, demanding restitution. But close behind the landlord came the good fairy of all love-stories, with all the sands of Pactolus in her pockets. Ah, yes, there is always a providence for true lovers!

I had passed away by this time from the barren moor to the regions of cultivation. The trimly-cut hedges on each side of the way showed me that my road now lay between farm lands. I was outside the boundary of some upland farm. I saw sheep cropping trefoil in a wide field on the other side of the neat brown hedgerow, and at a distance I saw the red-tiled roof of a farm-house.

I looked at my watch and found that I had still half an hour to spare; so I went on toward the farm-house, bent upon seeing what sort of a habitation it was. In a solitary landscape like this every dwelling-place has a kind of attraction to the wayfarer.

I went on till I came to a white gate, upon the upper rail of which a girlish figure was leaning.

It was a graceful figure, dressed in that semi-picturesque costume which has been adopted by women of late years. The vivid blue of a bodice was tempered by the sober gray of a skirt, and a bright-hued ribbon gleamed among rich tresses of brown hair.

The damsel's face was turned away from me, but there was something in the carriage of the head, something in the modeling of the firm full throat, which reminded me of—

But then, when a man is over head and ears in love, every thing in creation reminds him more or less of his idol. Your pious Catholic gives all his goods for the adornment of a church; your true lover devotes his every thought to the dressing up of one dear image.

The damsel turned as my steps drew near, loud on the crisp gravel. She turned, and showed me the face of Charlotte Halliday.

I must entreat posterity to forgive me, if I leave a blank at this stage of my story. "There are chords in the human heart which had better not be wibrated," said Sim Tappertit. There are emotions which can only be described by the pen of a poet. I am not a poet; and if my diary is so happy as to be of some use to posterity as a picture of the manners of a repentant Bohemian, posterity must not quarrel with my shortcomings in the way of sentimental description.

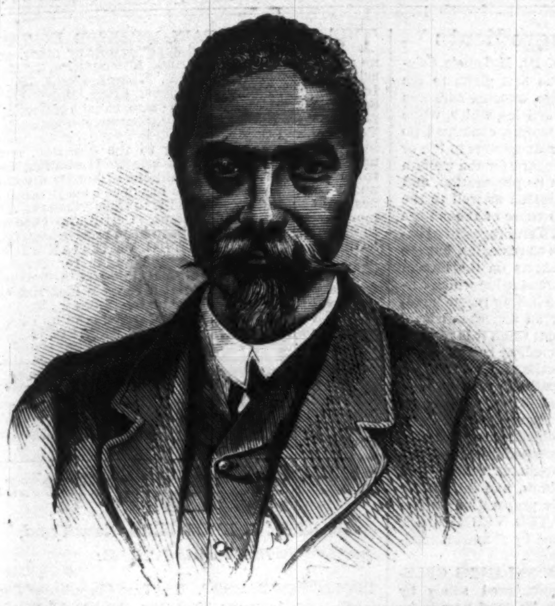
THE ART CRITIC.

A HUNDRED critics lie in wait,
With ruthless pens my fame to slay;
But one fair critic held my fate
In her small hand that happy day,
When, chaperoned by "dearest aunt,"
She came to see a painter's haunt.

She came, she saw, she conquered; yet
The victory so sweetly won
Her willing slave will ne'er regret;
While the dull room she looked upon
Henceforward must forever be
Illumined by her memory.

She talked of Gifford and of Titian;
She skipped from Kensett to Van Eyck;
But vowed, 'midst all the Exhibition,
My picture most each eye would strike:
"Yes, you'll bear off the palm!" she cried.
"*This* be the palm, then," I replied—

"This rosy palm within my grasp,
So soft and coy; this little hand
Give me the right through life to clasp,
And it shall lead me to the land
Where Fame with laurel-wreath awaits
The victor at her temple-gates."



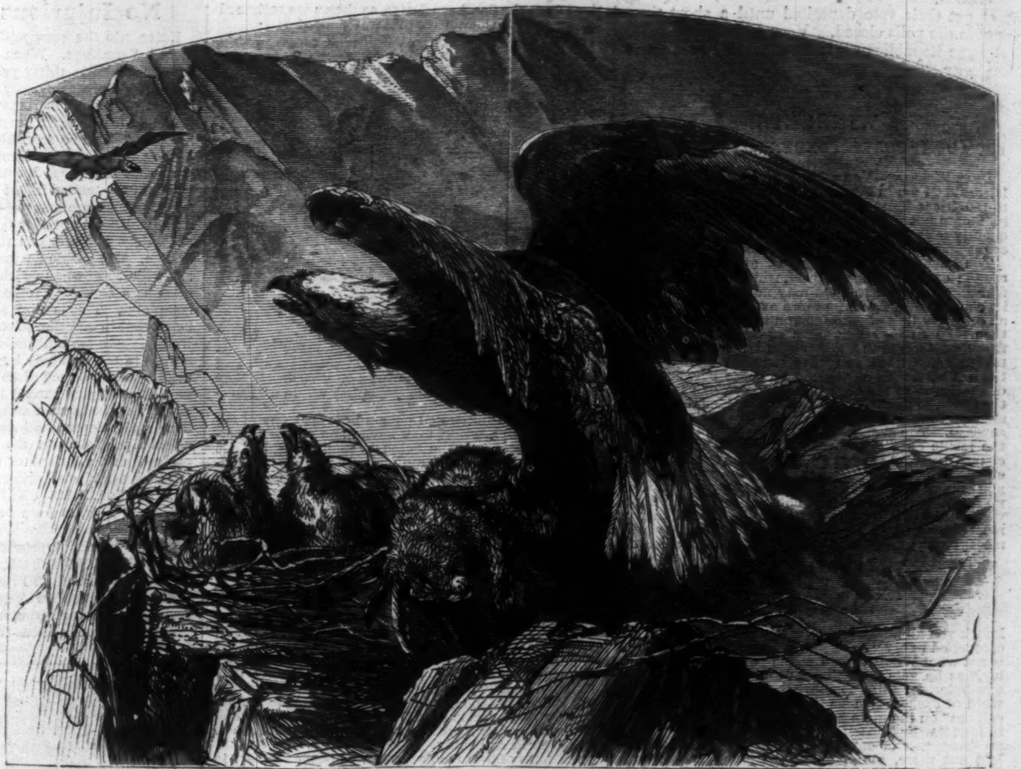
GENERAL SALNAVE, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

PRESIDENT SALNAVE, OF HAYTI.

THE several rebellions against the authority of President GEFFRARD, of Hayti, have at length culminated in his overthrow and expulsion from the island and the elevation of his old enemy, SALNAVE, to the Presidency. The rebellion which was headed by SALNAVE was begun in 1865. The rebels seized and held the town of Cape Haytien for several months, and were only finally driven out on its bombardment by the English man-of-war *Bull Dog*, commanded by Captain WAKE. SALNAVE was forced to leave Hayti and take refuge in St. Domingo. Captain WAKE was recalled by the British Government and cashiered for his attack on Cape Haytien.

In his exile SALNAVE continued his efforts to revolutionize the country, and found many adherents, but few opportunities for an uprising. An attempt was made by his friends at Port au Prince on February 1, 1867; but GEFFRARD had been forewarned, and this attempt failed, and the ringleaders were captured and shot. The revolutionists did not despair, however, and on the night of February 22 a more successful effort was made; GEFFRARD was driven to seek safety in flight, and, abdicating the Presidency, went into exile in Jamaica. A Provisional Government was appointed, and SALNAVE, whom the people hailed as the "GARIBALDI of Hayti" and the "Deliverer of the People," was appointed President on April 26, 1867. He, however, insisted that he would not accept the Presidency except at the hands of the people. An election was therefore ordered and held. There were no rival candidates in the field, the other most distinguished participants in the revolution, Generals NISSAGE and CHEVALLIER, conceding the Presidential chair to SALNAVE with great goodwill. He was unanimously elected, and on Sunday, May 12, was sworn into office.

President SALNAVE is a native of Cape Haytien, and is now 41 years of age. He is the son of French and negro parents. He entered the army of Hayti in early youth, and was a Major under GEFFRARD when the Empire was overthrown. While holding the same commission under the Republic SALNAVE projected the rebellion of 1865, and seized Cape Haytien, from which he was driven as we have described. He is said to be a man of unusual intelligence, of progressive and liberal ideas, and great energy of character, and brilliant results are confidently expected from his administration. It speaks well, at all events, for the estimation in which he is held by his countrymen that the revolution which has placed him in power has been attended with so little violence, and that since his acceptance of the office Hayti has been more tranquil than ever before.



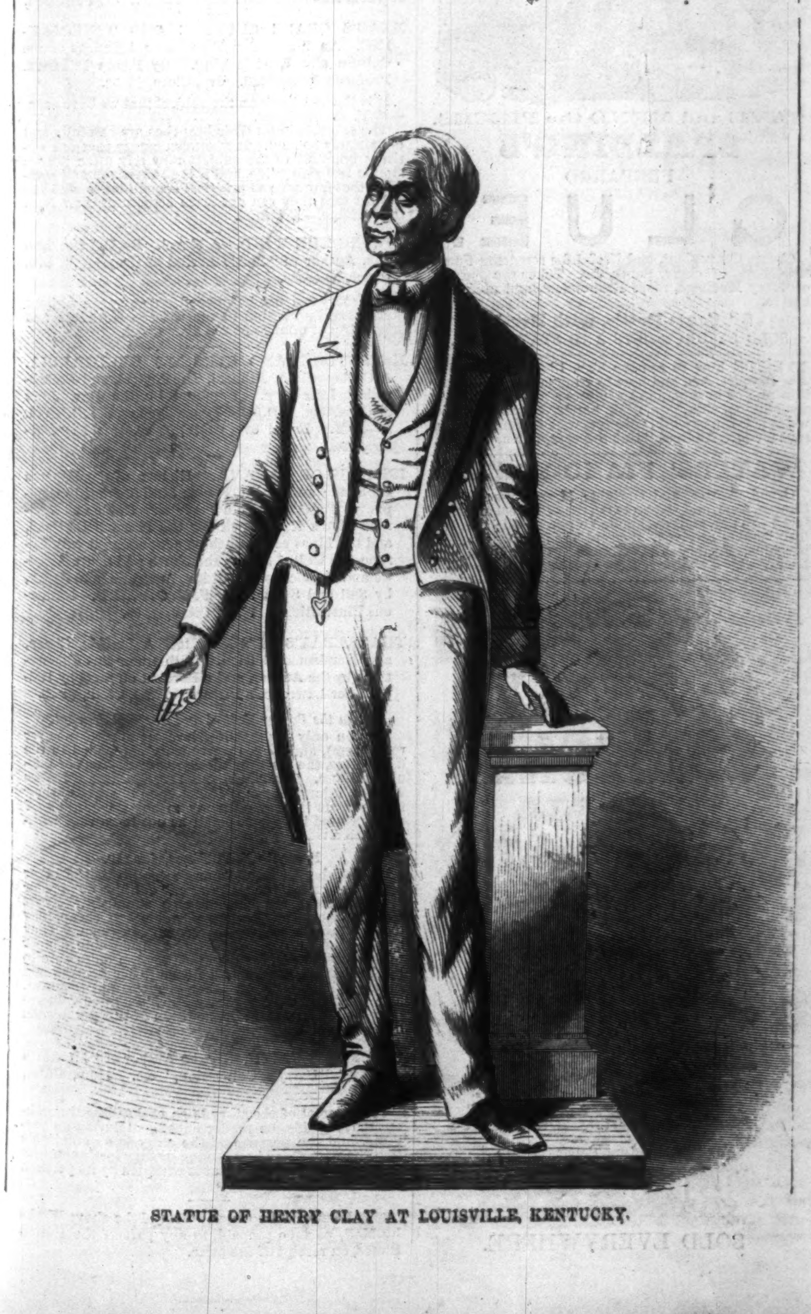
THE EAGLE'S NEST.—[DRAWN BY J. W. HERRICK.]

THE HENRY CLAY STATUE.

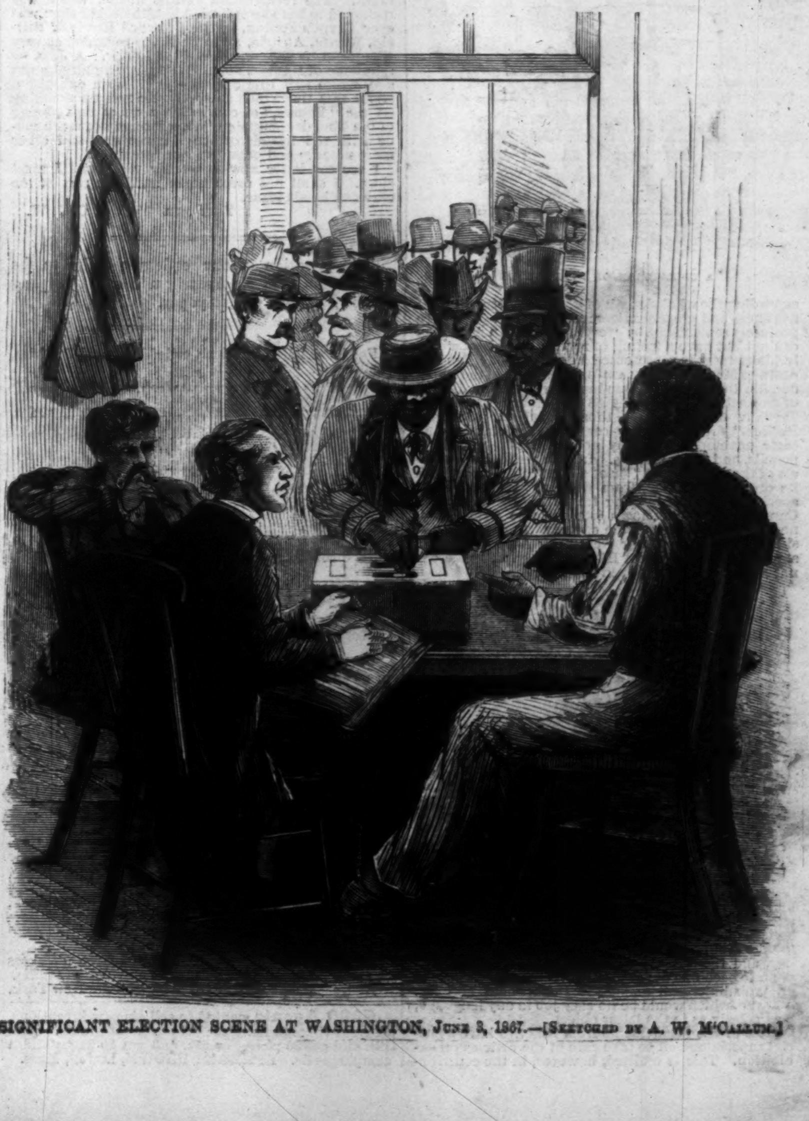
THE unveiling of the CLAY statue at Louisville, Kentucky, on May 30, was the occasion of a grand procession of civic societies, marshaled under General LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, U.S.A. Business generally was suspended, and the houses were covered with flags. No military joined in the procession except one local Militia Cavalry Company. The statue, which is by JOEL T. HART, is life-size, and an excellent portrait of Mr. CLAY, representing him in the act of making his great Compromise speech. The engraving on this page is an excellent representation of the original.

THE WASHINGTON ELECTION.

WASHINGTON CITY witnessed, on June 3, another curious scene illustrative of the progressive spirit of the times. For the second time in its history the colored citizens assisted in the municipal election. We give on this page a view at one of the polling-places at which a negro man was one of the Judges, and from all accounts a smart one he proved. In fact the whole colored race in Washington appears to have appreciated its privilege on this occasion. The colored men gathered in long lines before the polls as early as two o'clock on the morning of the election, and waited patiently for an opportunity to vote. Many who entered the line before sunrise did



STATUE OF HENRY CLAY AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



SIGNIFICANT ELECTION SCENE AT WASHINGTON, JUNE 3, 1867.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. M'CALLUM.]

not get their vote deposited until a short time before the polls closed. Very few whites voted, and the Republican ticket was elected by a large majority.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Paris, *June* 1, 1867.

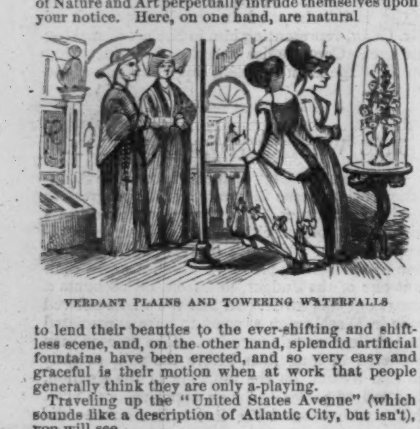
Dear Weekly,—You will observe by the date of my letter that I am in France. I am a daily visitant here to the Great Exposition, and although all of the exhibits are not yet in their places I am. I will consequently take a few moments to scratch off a little account for you.

The shape of the building is, as you are aware, round; except the square part, which is oblong. For fear some of your readers may not fully understand its construction I will be more explicit. Thus: take an ordinary link of sausage and lay it flat on a table, then take another link large enough to inclose the first link, then take another still larger, and keep on taking them until you have sausages enough, and there it is, simple enough. The space between each of the links as they are laid in a nest, one inside of the other, is the aisles, and all the curious things and stuff you see in walking through the aisles is your sausage. The avenues cut the sausage up into pieces, the inside ones into mouthfuls, so to speak, and, of course, they get larger as you go out to the circumference. Napoleon's cousin is the inventor of this plan, and is himself a native of Bologna, consequently it is no new thing to him. You enter at one of the doorways—that is, after you get your ticket, and then a most bewildering sight, and a hundred direction signs, meet your eyes. Like the Light Brigade at Balaklava,

Things to the right of you,
Things to the left of you,
Things in front of you,
Labeled and numbered,

knock you all aback and rivet you there, until you are compelled to cry "Enough! enough!" My *valet* (who is not what Wordsworth would call "a peaceful valley," as he gets both himself and me in all sorts of squabbles, for I don't believe the fellow understands a word of French) told me that "the architect laid himself out" on the main entrance. What was his object in immolating himself thus I did not learn; there are no traces now of any body in particular having been laid out there, although, at the Nôtre Dame, such French actions are quite the fashion.

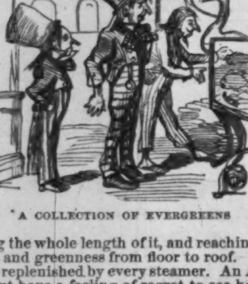
The interior decorations of the various avenues are gorgeous. They all look like the "avenues to wealth" the newspapers talk about; but, like these mystical avenues, you have to have some little wealth to get into them. Animate and inanimate objects of beauty continually flit across your vision, and the beauties of Nature and Art perpetually intrude themselves upon your notice. Here, on one hand, are natural



VERDANT PLAINS AND TOWERING WATERFALLS

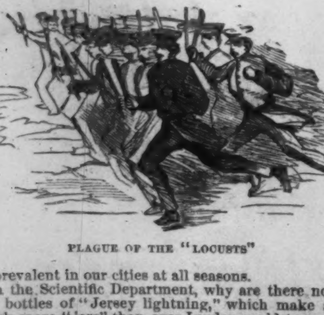
to lend their beauties to the ever-shifting and shiftless scene, and, on the other hand, splendid artificial fountains have been erected, and so very easy and graceful is their motion when at work that people generally think they are only a-playing.

Traveling up the "United States Avenue" (which sounds like a description of Atlantic City, but isn't), you will see



A COLLECTION OF EVERGREENS

extending the whole length of it, and reaching in their freshness and greenness from floor to roof. They are profusely replenished by every steamer. An American can not but have a feeling of regret to see how meanly his country is represented here, from our Minister down to Mr. T. J. Markland's coal-scuttle in the Philadelphia Department. One looks in vain for a display of the Atlantic Cable of 1858 and other jewelry from Tiffany & Co., or for those beautiful "Soldiers' Packets" for twenty-five cents, that contain within their envelopes so many gold and silver watches, pencils, and other articles. In vain we look for models of the "big organ," or of a head of Emerson, with its organs numbered, from Boston! Where are the specimens of bookbinding from the American News Company, which incloses literature so light that it necessarily illuminates the covers? And among the side-arms where are our New York Alderman's inkstands? In the Natural History Department there is not a specimen insect, even from our

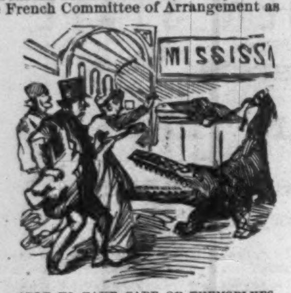


PLAGUE OF THE "LOCUSTS"

so prevalent in our cities at all seasons.

In the Scientific Department, why are there not a few bottles of "Jersey lightning," which make and break more "jars" than ever Leyden could turn out, working up to its full capacity? I feel ashamed of my nation, more particularly as I am engaged to-morrow to take around the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Viceroy of Egypt. I will have to explain to each one of them—in their own languages, in all probability—all about the Department and Mr. Seward, which would be no easy job in any language, particularly as to the latter object.

Most of the departments from America have a special superintendent to take care of the articles on exhibition. This is omitted, however, in the contributions from the Southern States, as they were reckoned by the French Committee of Arrangement as



ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES,

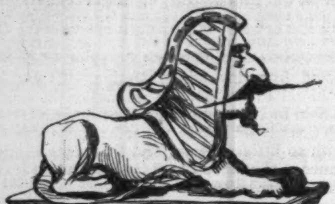
consequently no overseer has been appointed. It will devolve upon me to exhibit these products of the Lower Mississippi to the aforesaid Crowned Heads, and if they want to keep their crowns on their heads they will give them the same latitude they would a "European Workman's League."

I see by the illustrated papers here that one of my countrymen yesterday took advantage of the numerous steamboats on the Seine to make a trial of his submarine torpedoes for blowing up vessels. I understand it was a perfect success—not less than three of the steamers having been completely destroyed, and two others irreparably damaged. All of the excursionists on the boats were more or less fatally injured. The Emperor has given the lucky inventor an order for three hundred thousand of them. He said at the time he would have made the order larger, but that "the Empire is peace."

As an evidence of the reckless way in which our countrymen spend their money I may mention of one who, at the Chamber of Deputies, gave the *garde* fifty dollars to hire M. Thiers to make a speech, in order, I suppose, that he might compare it to one of Judge Kelley's. The colored visitors from the United States, too, are spending their money lavishly, continually insisting on having their boots blacked by the French bootblacks in the most public places, until they are not able to tell whether they are standing on their head or their heels, both ends of them are so alike, black and shiny.

All sorts of mean expedients are resorted to here to see the exhibition. Persons know that the admission fee to see it is one franc, yet they impose on the turnstile keeper, and get in at half price by wearing a green patch over one eye. The "Code Napoleon" is so strict that it would not allow the clerk to charge the same for a sight with one eye as it would for two. Thus, by closing one of their eyes, they "shut up" both of the clerk's, as we say in America.

The great attraction of the Exposition, as I suppose most of your readers know, and which draws all the Heads of Empires, Principalities, Powers, and Duchies to Paris, crowned and uncrowned, is



THE GREAT EUROPEAN SPHINX,

now on exhibition, as a kind of side show, at the Palace of the Tuileries. This wonderful work of *Art* was raised out of the sands of St. Helena, and was placed in its present position on the night of December 2, 1851, after three years of hard labor, day and night. The resurrection of this image, which was reckoned to have been buried in 1815 deeper than was ever Egypt's Sphinx, by the Crowned Heads of Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, is regarded as very wonderful by the "crowners" of to-day. A Jew, by the name of Daniel, about twenty-five hundred years ago, wrote that this Sphinx would be on exhibition about this time; but as his House has no standing on the "Bourse," of course his *notes of hand*, being of the kind denominated "slow," have not much value with the friends of the Rothschilds and other more modern and better known Israelites.

I see my letter now is already too long. I must close. I shall not come home until the rest of the crowned heads leave.

Your own C. O. W.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the American Watch Company on the last page of this paper.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water St., Boston.

WHISKERS.

LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will will force Whiskers on the smoothest face. Price by mail, 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

6000 Agents wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

No Injurious Ingredients

Enter into the composition of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge. When it was first given to the American public, thirty years ago, unusual care was exercised in procuring only such articles, which, while always efficacious in removing worms, contained no principle in the least hurtful or dangerous to life or health. The same scrupulous regard for the welfare of the people is observed now in its preparation, and the result is a great Specific, adapted as well to the wants of the tender infant as to those of the mature adult. There are many *so-called* Vermifuges in existence, which are not only failures as remedies, but are absolutely dangerous in their effects on the human system. The people demand a preparation which carries with it its own invariable and lasting recommendation as a sovereign remedy for an almost universal complaint. This is more apparent when it is remembered that in addition to the immediate evil effects of worms, there are multitudes of others, affecting other organs in the economy by sympathetic relation, and leading to confirmed disease and death. The channels of profligacy extend in so many directions that money may be thrown away on objects less important than medical preparations, consequently the soberminded people avoid the sugar-coated comfits and pretentious imitations of the times, and inquire for the long established and reliable preparation known as DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE. These are facts, and are sustained by abundant testimony of the most reliable character.

☞ Be sure and procure DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of Pittsburg, Pa., and now to be had at all respectable drug stores. All other Vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless.

None genuine without the signature of

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SAVE and MEND the PIECES.

SPALDING'S

PREPARED

GLUE.

Cheap, Convenient, and Useful for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Paper, &c. Takes the place of ordinary Mucilage, more Economical, and more Adhesive.

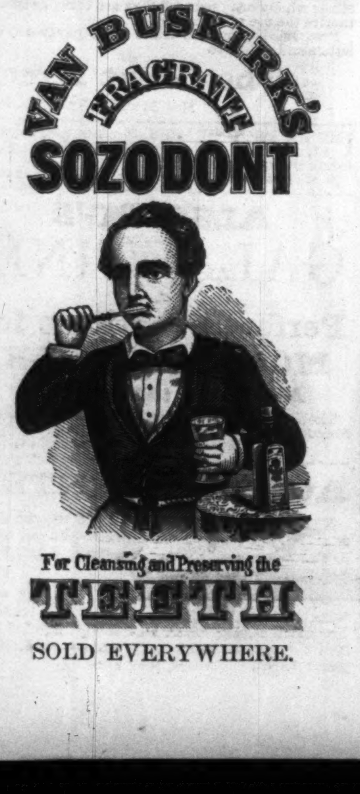
25 Cents Bottle, with Brush.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND STATIONERS.

RECIPE how to remove Tan, Blotches, Freckles, Pimples, &c., and how to change the sallow face into one of beauty, and to improve and beautify the complexion, skin, face, neck, hands, &c., and to make wrinkled skin smooth. Recipe, with full instructions, sent for $1. Address "Union Agency," Norwich, Ct.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.



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Baby Jumpers, Propellors, Self-Operating Swings, Musical String Tops, Cradles, Invalid Chairs, and Toys. Send for Circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 478 Broadway, New York.

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Judging from what we have already read, we incline to the opinion that "The Last Chronicle of Barset" will be no unworthy companion of "Framley Parsonage." It certainly promises at its opening, to be the best of Mr. Trollope's more recent novels.—*Standard.*

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From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

We can only say that it grieves us to see (we never read them), and to see universally applauded in the daily press, the multiplying *Diamond* editions of popular authors. Their publishers surely can not realize what an injury they may inflict upon the eyes of their readers. It is poor economy to buy a book at half price printed in type so small as not to be read without such a risk.

From the N. Y. Times, June 10.

We feel bound to add our protest to that of other journals against the "Diamond" editions of popular authors, which are becoming so abundant. Apart from the facts that they are portable and cheap, they have nothing whatever to recommend them. They can be read only with difficulty and absolute danger to the eyesight, and if read (as they are quite sure to be) by travellers, they will do more for oculists and blind asylums than all other agencies put together. The Harpers issued "Vanity Fair," in three volumes —by far the finest and best edition of this great work ever published.

CHRISTIE'S FAITH. By the Author of "Mattie: a Stray," "Carry's Confession," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

The interest of the story is so enthralling throughout that it holds the reader enchained during its progress, and the purpose of the story is so admirable that the wisest and best among us may justly consider the time well bestowed that is occupied by its perusal. —*London Sun.*

☞ Harper & Brothers will send the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

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and will remain open until the whole amount of the Capital Stock of $1,000,000 shall be subscribed.

☞ Inasmuch as the Larger Portion of the Capital has already been applied for, Immediate Application should be made by Parties desiring to secure Stock. ☜

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The average date of the above payments is September 12th, 1867.

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A Trust Company is the Safest and Most Conservative of Financial Institutions. A careful perusal of the following paragraphs will amply substantiate this proposition.

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To accept and execute all Trusts, in reference to both real and personal estate, committed to the Company by any person or corporation, or transferred to the Company by order of any of the Courts of Record, or by any Surrogate, &c., &c.

To act as Financial Agent of State and City Governments and of Counties, in the management of their business at the financial centre of the country.

To act as Agent for foreign Banks, Bankers, Business Men, and Corporations, having business transactions in the City of New York.

GUARANTEES.

Among the Guarantees afforded by the Charter of this Company, are the following:

Every Director or Trustee must be a citizen of this State, and be a stockholder in the Company to the amount of five thousand dollars, at least.

No loan shall be made, directly or indirectly, to any trustee, officer, or employee of said Corporation.

It is not permitted to discount or deal in Commercial or Business Paper.

ON WHAT SECURITY MAY THIS COMPANY LOAN ITS DEPOSITS?

The National Trust Company can only invest the funds entrusted to it in United States Stocks, or Stocks of the State of New York or other States, or of any City incorporated by the State of New York.

Therefore, it is adapted for the investment of funds which the public desire very safe investments for. Its Stock will probably pay dividends equal to, or greater than the interest on Government securities, and deposits made in this Company will earn as liberal a rate of Interest as is possible, taking into consideration the great security.

COUPON Government Bonds, the Secretary of the Treasury says, he will pay to any holder, whether stolen or not; therefore, is it not wise to sell those COUPON Bonds and take the Stock in the National Trust Company, which will have its permanent investments in REGISTERED United States Bonds, State Stocks, and Bonds of Incorporated Cities of this State?

GENERAL REMARKS.

The success of other Trust Companies and the high prices of their stocks in the market, are sufficient evidence of the profitable character of the business, and the Trustees feel justified in recommending the Stock of this Company to capitalists and others seeking a safe investment.

It is believed that the Stock of this Company is more desirable than that of most other moneyed corporations, and as safe as Government Securities; that the increase in the value of the Stock will be more rapid than Government Bonds, and the dividends quite equal to, if they do not exceed the interest of such Bonds.

The decision of the Secretary of the Treasury that he will pay COUPON Government Bonds to the holders whenever presented, without reference to any disputed ownership, will lead, in many cases, to the sale of such Bonds; this Company will take in exchange of its Stock any United States Bonds, 7-30 Treasury Notes, or Compound Interest Notes, at the market price, on the day of transfer.

OFFICERS FOR FIRST YEAR:

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HENRY C. CARTER, First Vice-President.
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JAMES MERRELL, Secretary.
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Oroide cases, a newly discovered composition, precisely like gold in appearance and keeping its color for a number of years. The cases are *finished* equal to the best gold ones, the watches are of *superior quality*, excellent time-keepers, and are each one warranted, by special certificate, to run accurately. Lady and Gentlemen's sizes. Price $10. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold watch costing $150. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery. Also a large assortment of gold and silver American and Swiss watches.

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WANTED—A good man in every town and county in the Union to engage in the sale of a patented article, used in every household, shop, office, hotel, store, and public building, railroad cars, steamboats, &c. Persons already engaged are making immense incomes, and the demand for the article never ceases. Your customers once obtained, your income is great and perpetual. Full and satisfactory particulars sent to all who may apply. Address, with stamp, C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

THE SHIP GOLDEN STATE

HAS ARRIVED WITH

22,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE

FINEST JAPAN TEAS

TO THE

Great American Tea Company.

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

These Teas by the ship Golden State were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and, in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation, the Great American Tea Company put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

ALSO,

THE SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON

HAS ARRIVED WITH

12,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE

FINEST FOOCHOW OOLONG TEAS.

The cargo of the ship George Shotton is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow (which is the finest Black Tea district in China). These are the "*finest first-picking contract Teas*"—rich, fresh, and full-flavored.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by the Great American Tea Company for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The Trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the Great American Tea Company—the ship Golden State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests, and the ship George Shotton, from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the Great American Tea Company have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black and 22,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

Price-List of Teas.

- ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
- MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
- IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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